

# Lights in the Trees

A 1975 Call of Cthulhu scenario  
by Matt "Doc" Tracey





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This scenario is dedicated to Darrin Chandler, the first person to sign up to playtest a scenario I wrote. You are missed, friend. Next time we meet, I’ll bring the dice.

#### ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Doc is a chemistry professor living with his wife in Western Pennsylvania. He can be found on various Discord servers, including those for the How We Roll Podcast, the Good Friends of Jackson Elias, the Old Ways Podcast, and Symphony Entertainment. He has made appearances on the Symphony Entertainment Twitch page, streaming Call of Cthulhu, Alien: the Roleplaying Game, improvisational horror, and Kult: Divinity Lost. Though he writes Call of Cthulhu scenarios, he also has an inordinate number of TTRPG books on his shelf and is happy to talk about them if asked! If you’d like to get in touch with him, you can do so on Discord: @drbones412.

#### SPECIAL THANKS AND ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

A massive thanks to my playtesters: Chris Bates, Chris Hall, Perry Clark, Heather Miller, and Staffan “RQStaffan” TJ, for not only engaging in this scenario, but for the invaluable feedback, book recommendations, and amendments. From the initial scribbles on a sticky note pitch for this scenario, it wouldn’t be what it is without your help. Thanks to Rina Haenze for reviewing the scenario; your work is unmatched. And thank you to Hastur, for perpetuating insanity by encouraging it to be shared with everyone.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, places, events, locales, and incidents are either a product of the author’s imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, either living, dead, a brain in a jar, or redacted, is purely coincidental.

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#### CONTENT WARNINGS

This scenario contains: violence, blood, body horror, gaslighting, drug use, addiction, feelings of isolation, possible PvP, war imagery, potential references to suicide, and post-traumatic stress disorder. Use of safety tools is encouraged.

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# INTRODUCTION

## OVERVIEW/SYNOPSIS

According to their character sheets and background, the investigators are veterans of the Vietnam War, having been drafted by the Selective Service System in 1971 to serve. They arrived at Fort Benning, where they bonded as members of a platoon and became brothers in arms. Upon their deployment, they served their time in Vietnam, including a skirmish with enemy combatants, before returning home changed men, marred by the horrors of war.

The scenario plays out that the investigators are reunited by a note from a member of their platoon, **Sgt. Breuer**, who has been experiencing strange bouts of hallucinations and violence, and seen his mental health degrade to a point of near-madness. Reunited with his fellow soldiers at a local bar, he outlines that he suspects their time in Vietnam wasn't what it appeared to be, making wild claims of a government conspiracy and coverup. During this time, the world slowly begins to shift, subtly at first, before it becomes apparent that something isn't right. The investigators are left to explore, investigate, or otherwise live their lives, though the nightmares persist and intensify. Flashbacks to Vietnam seem alien and unfamiliar, as if being seen through someone else's eyes, until finally the investigators are able to reject their perceived reality and see through the proverbial veil to the truth: they are prisoners on a spaceship, piloted by the mi-go, who have been studying their responses to various stimuli, specifically wartime experiences.



This scenario is designed for 3-4 investigators and can be completed in one 4-hour session. A pre-game discussion with players is encouraged to ensure safety and comfort with the subject material, specifically depictions of war and declining mental health. Unlike other Call of Cthulhu scenarios with a final combat scene to fight with a cultist or a ritual to stop, this scenario is more of a slow descent into madness for the investigators, culminating in a choice to either join the mi-go (becoming a brain in a jar) or rejecting their offer to be free of burden, only to be re-injected into the artificial reality from whence they came.

## BACKGROUND

This scenario is set in 1975 New York City, with the investigators taking the role of Vietnam War veterans. From a global historical perspective, the Vietnam War lasted from 1955 to 1975, between the Viet Cong forces of North Vietnam and South Vietnam, in which the United States was involved from 1961 until troop withdrawal in 1973. A draft was organized between 1969 and 1973, in which able-bodied young men were selected for two years of military service, with 8 weeks of boot camp followed by an average tour of duty lasting one year. The war claimed an inordinately high number of lives and led to the unification of Vietnam as the Socialist Republic of Vietnam. The global politics and overreach of this conflict are beyond the scope of this scenario, though the lasting ramifications continue to this day. It should be noted that an overwhelming majority of soldiers from the United States came from impoverished backgrounds and were often unable to escape the mandatory conscription hoisted upon them, earning the Vietnam War the nickname of the "Working Class War", with poorer and minority soldiers sent to fight in a war orchestrated by the rich. As depicted in various media (a non-exhaustive list is provided in the **Keeper Preparation** section), veterans were often affected by their wartime experiences mentally, spiritually, and physically, with many physical lasting effects springing from the capricious widespread use of toxic chemical agents, such as Agent Orange.

Visually, the setting of this scenario reflects the social decay of the era: Manhattan in the 1970s was often referred to as one of the "most dangerous cities in the world", with surges in crime, violence, and delinquent street gangs. For veterans, the United States Department of Veteran's Affairs hospitals were available for medical care, though the state of care varied across experiences, often providing sub-optimal care.



For the investigators, their time in the war is depicted through strange flashbacks, snippets of what may or may not be the truth. The scenario centers on the investigators returned home, increasingly tortured by visions of the war, manifesting in prior bursts of violence, struggles to connect with society, and isolationism. What the investigators have been up to, with respect to aspirations, relationships, etc. is left to a pre-game discussion (see: **Involving the Investigators**). The information provided on the character sheets enables the players to create a unique iteration of each investigator as the scenario develops. However, the information provided to the players is not necessarily the truth with which this scenario engages.

The truth is that the investigators did go through Fort Benning, where they may have met, bonded together, and were shipped off to their tour in Vietnam. However, any memories of combat or experiences therein are fabricated by the truth of their reality. Shortly after their arrival in Vietnam, the 5<sup>th</sup> Battalion was ambushed by mi-go, appearing as bright lights in the trees (easily mistaken for flashlights), who captured them for study, placing the platoon in a stasis indiscernible from what would be considered "reality". Intent on studying the soldiers, the mi-go implant various memories/observations from others (resulting in the beliefs of seeing combat, etc.) while probing the Investigators' responses to post-war stimuli. Though the Investigators will believe themselves to be walking the streets of 1975 New York City, in reality, they are strapped to metal tables, their minds playthings for fungal aliens. As the scenario progresses, their minds begin to reject the artificial reality, fully realizing the horrors that have befallen them.

### KEEPER PREPARATION

This scenario deals heavily with the history of returning veterans from the Vietnam War, for which there is an overwhelming list of media to consume. Some key media are highlighted here to give a historical perspective but some Mythos-adjacent inspirations.

Historically, veterans from the Vietnam War were not necessarily greeted with the ire of anti-war protesters (who did not distinguish between the soldiers who were involuntarily sent to war and those who propagated it), but more commonly a cold indifference. The situation is often portrayed as notable clashes between returning veterans and antiwar protestors, but the reality was much more chilling: the acts of hostility were less overt and more subtle.

World War II veterans came home to a hero's welcome; Vietnam veterans came home to a cold shoulder.

Inspiration for this scenario comes from the 1990 film *Jacob's Ladder* (less the 2019 remake), in which a man returns from the Vietnam War, plagued by severe visual and auditory hallucinations. There are thematic similarities between the film and this scenario, including a gradual descent into madness. Additional recommended movies for the feel of this scenario that involve the Vietnam War are *First Blood* (1982), *Full Metal Jacket* (1987), and *Taxi Driver* (1976), the latter of which also utilizes New York City as a setting, providing visual inspiration for Keepers. In literature, the books *The Things They Carried* by Tim O'Brien (Houghton Mifflin), *Bloods: An Oral History of the*



*Vietnam War by Black Veterans* by Wallace Terry (Penguin Random House), and *Working-Class War: American Combat Soldiers and Vietnam* by Christian Appy (University of North Carolina Press) are also recommended for their depiction of the activities of soldiers from the war, as well as a socioeconomic breakdown of the men who were sent to fight (nearly 80% of the enlisted men who served came from impoverished backgrounds.)



On the Mythos side of things, Keepers are recommended to read H.P. Lovecraft's "The Whisperer in the Darkness", in which the antagonist mi-go are introduced. Also recommended are *The Twilight Zone* episode "Nightcrawlers", in which a strange experience in the Vietnam War grants a returning veteran supernatural powers, and the film *Brainstorm* (1983), in which scientific experimentation leads to the artificial re-living of others' lives (not too different from what the mi-go are doing to the investigators). Though not initially added to this list, playtesters noted a subconscious similarity to *The Matrix* (1999) as well.

It should be noted that this scenario deals heavily with the topics of declining mental health, PTSD, and the experiences of veterans. These topics should be treated with respect and care.

## SAFETY TOOLS

Content warnings: violence, blood, body horror, gaslighting, drug use, feelings of isolation, possible PvP, war imagery, potential references to suicide, and post-traumatic stress disorder. Use of safety tools is encouraged.

The disappearance of **Sgt. Breuer** after his initial introduction is not explicitly explained, though a veiled reference to suicide may work thematically and should only be included if necessary, assuming it does not violate lines/veils of investigators.

Though this scenario is set in the 1970s, any real-world racism, sexism, queerphobia, etc. should have no home in this scenario. Though historically, minority soldiers were treated poorly, this is not a pass or excuse for a Keeper to abuse or belittle a player in any way shape or form. A thoughtful pre-game discussion is recommended to ensure that this does not devolve into a cover of real-world bias and prejudices. The horrors should derive from a collapsing reality and supernatural fungus rather than real-world horrors.

To that end, the use of safety tools, such as a pre-game discussion, the X-card, establishing Lines and Veils, a scene-check traffic light, and an open table policy are encouraged to ensure that all players are comfortable and have fun in this game.

## INVOLVING THE INVESTIGATORS

This scenario provides a series of pre-generated characters. Though players are free to create their own investigators, a few key tenets are recommended be upheld to maintain consistency:

- They were a member of the 5<sup>th</sup> Battalion and therefore have a close relationship with the other investigators. Additionally, as a member of the platoon, they would have experienced combat, though the details are left to the player to outline.
- They are currently haunted by nightmares seemingly stemming from their wartime experiences. Whether or not they have sought treatment or shared this with others is inconsequential.
- They either reside in or have traveled to New York City at the request of **Sgt. Joel Breuer**, who has asked for a meeting at a local bar.
- Allocating points to the following skills to represent their military training and experience is recommended: Fighting (Brawl), Firearms (Handgun), Firearms (Rifle), First Aid, and Survival (Jungle).

The provided pre-generated characters are all identified by nicknames provided to them by their platoon-mates and or superior officers. Historically, these characters would all be AMAB (assigned male at birth). Gender identity (man/woman/non-binary) should be determined by the players, regardless of historical accuracy. Additionally, no race is provided for the pre-generated characters, with the exception of "Grandma's Blessing", who was developed by a POC and should be retained as such. Though some of these characters were inspired by the stories of real veterans, they are all works of fiction.

- Flowers- A young soldier who debated fleeing to Canada, only to finally relent and report.
- Padre- A man who, after a mortar attack, believed that divine intervention kept him alive and developed a religious tendency.
- Grandma's Blessing- a young POC torn between his family's push to serve as is his duty and the non-violent fellow students who believed that minorities were sent to the war as cannon fodder.
- Soldier Boy- a gung-ho soldier who was excited to enlist in the war to serve his country, only to be disillusioned by the horrors of war.
- The Kid- an underage enlistee who realized that war was hell and he signed up for it.



## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

LIEUTENANT COLONEL COREY WEBBER, AGE 55,  
MILITARY OFFICER

The commanding officer of the 5<sup>th</sup> Battalion, he was a no-nonsense leader whose death has put the events of the scenario into motion. He appears only in flashbacks and in the climax of the scenario.



- Description: A deep voice matches his face, which is creased with age. His face is rarely seen outside of shadow, illuminated only by his cigars.
- Traits: harsh, weathered, gruff.
- Roleplaying hooks: Investigators will encounter him through flashbacks to their wartime service, in which he will question them about their post-war plans while being uncertain about his own.

SERGEANT JOEL BREUER, AGE 33, TROUBLED  
PLATOON LEADER

The paranoid member of the 5<sup>th</sup> Battalion whose declining mental health and curiosity casts a conspiratorial pall over the wartime service of his fellow veterans.

- Description: His normally clean visage is marred with signs of sleeplessness and lack of self-care. Stubble covers his face and deep circles decorate his eyes, which simultaneously dart back and forth in a state of paranoia.
- Traits: paranoid, suspicious, unstable.



- Roleplaying hooks: His letter is what brings the group together and he explains that he believes there to be some kind of government conspiracy covering up what they did in the war. Like the others, he also experiences intense hallucinations and flashbacks and is suspicious of anyone who tries to help with them.

MAURICE "MOE" KOZLOWSKI, AGE 66, BARTENDER

The bartender at the Angel's Share Bar, ready to greet anyone who comes by with a smile, a cold drink, or a warm needle.





- Description: Depending on when the PCs find him, he will either appear as an older war veteran from World War II or as a 70s punk rocker. Both iterations sport an identical scar on his hand. Though the investigators may not know who he is, he possesses intimate knowledge of who they are, though he is cagey about how he knows these things.
- Traits: genial, warm, friendly.
- Roleplaying hooks: Moe works and is exclusively found at the Angel's Share Bar, where the scenario starts. As the proprietor, he will offer hospitality of varying degrees. Upon subsequent visits, he will offer drugs to the investigators, citing that they seem "stressed".

- Roleplaying hooks: Dr. Morrin will meet with any investigators who visit the Veteran's Affairs hospital with an agenda to provide them a series of red and blue pills. He claims these will help with hallucinations and deteriorating mental health; the truth is, these pills are to help keep subjects complacent and are a concoction prepared by the mi-go to ensure submissive subjects. After his initial prescription, he will disappear, as his work at that point is done.

#### DR. EVAN MORRIN, AGE 54, MILITARY PHYSICIAN

The doctor at the Veterans' Affairs hospital who prescribes strange pills that can lead to a change in perception of reality, though he is not found in medical records.



- Description: Dr. Morrin is a portly, mustachioed gentleman who disinterestedly inquires about the investigators, their relationships, their work, and their lives after the war. He is wholly uninterested in proper medical treatment and can be described as a glorified "pill pusher", due to his near-continuous prescribing of pills to cure ailments.
- Traits: dismissive, authoritative, imperious.

#### FATHER LIAM O'SULLIVAN, AGE 73, PRIEST

The mysterious but warm and welcoming priest of St. Christopher's Church who can serve as a spiritual guide to the investigators.



- Description: A frail looking man with a greying beard and a mildly receding hairline. He speaks in a soft, warm voice.
- Traits: caring, spiritual, warm.
- Roleplaying hooks: At the church, Father O'Sullivan will greet anyone with promises of spiritual comfort and safety. The incense around him may trigger a visceral response, reminiscent of wartime service. Mysteriously, he seems to recognize the investigators as soldiers and will inquire about their wartime service (the mi-go are utilizing him as a mouthpiece to extract information).

#### PROFESSOR JAKOB BENNETT, AGE 44, SCIENTIST AND RESEARCHER

A high-strung academic who is more interested in scientific discovery than people





- Description: A tall man, always seen wearing a lab coat and glasses, with unkempt dark hair.
- Traits: curious, dismissive, cold.
- Roleplaying hooks: The investigators may encounter either a strange mold or be presented with unmarked pharmaceuticals that lead to more questions than answers. Prof. Bennett is more than happy to take the samples, but his analysis is cursory at best before attempting to get rid of any non-academics in his presence.

- Do you have a partner in your personal life? Were you together before the war? What about now?

Though broad in scope, it is recommended to make these questions personal and specific (such as tying together two investigators together) instead of a broad spectrum "Introduce your character". This should give players more agency over their investigators and create a shared experience at the table. Once sufficient detail for the relationships and identities are established, the scenario begins with a flashback to 1969...

## WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE

The investigators are sitting in a Bell UH-1 Iroquois helicopter (a "Huey"), the rotor thrumming over the sounds of the Doors playing in the background, as if from a movie. In the distance, against the orange glow of the horizon is the dense tree line of Vietnam. Have the players describe what their younger selves look like, if they have any adornments (either allowed or otherwise) on their uniforms, such as the infamous "BORN TO KILL" emblazoned on Joker's helmet in the film *Full Metal Jacket*. Beyond their personal flairs, each investigator has a standard issue M16 rifle, as well as military equipment befitting their roles (if established).

## PROLOGUE

### NOW THAT THE WAR IS OVER

The investigators are all trauma bonded from their experiences both at Fort Benning and their perceived experiences in Vietnam. To help create a more immersive experience, a series of brief questions to establish relationships between the investigators is recommended. This will create a unique web of connections and relationships for each iteration of this scenario.

Some recommended questions include:

- What do you do for work? Was that what you saw yourself going into before the war?
- What was your relationship to **Lieutenant Colonel Webber**, your platoon leader?
- How did another PC save your life in the war?
- Are you still in communication with your platoon mates? What is your relationship like with them?





Sitting with his back to the cockpit, his face obscured by shadow, is **Lt. Col. Webber**, dimly illuminated by the burning red end of a cigar he holds in his teeth. Beyond the investigators, **Sgt. Breuer** and other unnamed platoon members fill out the remaining locations in the helicopter.

Through the billowing smoke and barely audible over the rotor and music, **Lt. Col. Corey Webber** asks a simple question: “What are you going to do after the war is over?” The investigators are encouraged to respond freely, with **Lt. Col. Webber**’s responses being gruff and brief, such as “Well, we’ll have to see” and “We’ll get you home, soldier.” If the question is flipped back to him, he takes a deep pull of his cigar, exhaling the smoke forcefully before showing the first sign of emotion on his face: abject confusion, as if he doesn’t know how to answer. After a pause, he manages to stumble out a staccato “I... don’t know.” A **Psychology** roll finds that his answer is genuine, though the reasoning behind it is masked. He legitimately does not know what he will do after the war, though the reasoning is more to do with the mingo tampering with memories and experiences.

As the conversations in the Huey begin to taper off, the thrum of the rotors joined by a droning buzz as the helicopter begins to descend toward a military encampment near the tree line. Soldiers slowly walk around the perimeter of olive drab tents dappled with trucks and wooden crates. A **Spot Hidden** roll notices bright lights near the trees, reminiscent of flashlights. The ambient noise fades to the sound of patter of rain as the scene shifts to 1975 New York, outside of the Angel’s Share Bar in Greenwich Village.

## ACT I: A DEATH IN THE FAMILY

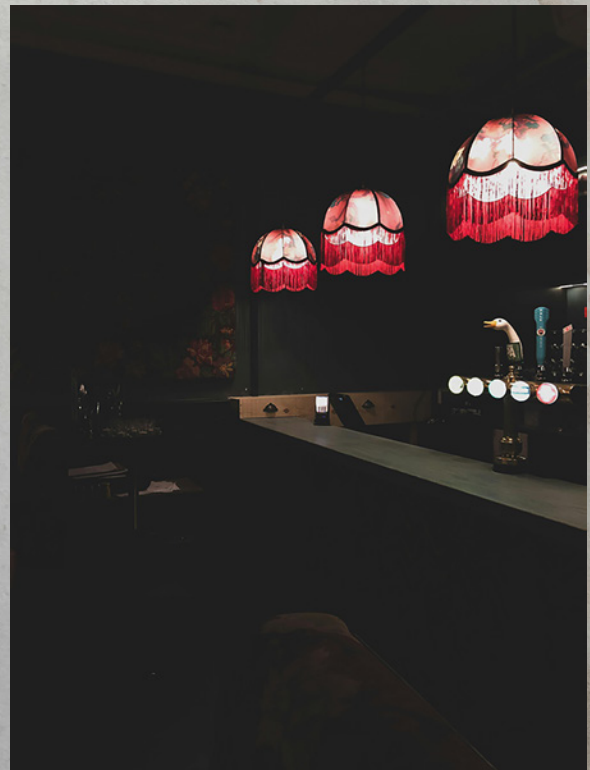
### AN UNFORTUNATE REUNION

The bar’s brick exterior is marked by a deep crimson door at the bottom of a small set of stairs, flanked by windows rendered opaque by grime and graffiti. Hanging in one is a failing neon sign that advertises Miller High Life. Surrounding the bar is the din of New York City, cars passing by, splashing in the puddles that reform from the rain, the shouts of an inconvenienced pedestrian, and distant sirens of an ambulance for an unfortunate soul being taken to a hospital.

The investigators were all called to this location by a letter from **Sgt. Breuer**, a fellow member of the 5<sup>th</sup> Battalion. His note (**Handout #1: The Letter**) not only mentioned the passing of platoon leader **Lt. Col. Webber**, providing details for the funeral and internment at a veteran’s cemetery, but also begged for a meeting with his former platoon-mates to discuss something. If any of the investigators would have attended the funeral, the details are provided in **Like Tears in Rain**; resolving this prior to proceeding with the remainder of this section is recommended.

Inside, the odor of tobacco permeates, undercut by the skunky scent of marijuana from an unidentified source. The brick-walled bar itself is filled by a long wooden counter that is nearly hit by the swinging door at the entrance and a few patrons who silently enjoy their beverages, unmolested by those around them. Opposite the counter are a few small tables with tattered leather seats, aged from years of use, abuse, and neglect. The wooden floor has a thin cover of sawdust.

Behind the bar, **Maurice Kozlowski**, an older war veteran with well-cropped hair and a scar on his left hand, idly polishes a dirty glass with a tattered bar rag. This bar is not a high-class establishment, nor is it unfamiliar; it’s possible the investigators have come here previously for a drink,





finding an implicit camaraderie among the those who come to drown their sorrows. In essence, this bar is a dive bar in every sense of the word: a seemingly crusty establishment with an inherent nobility among the patrons. Should the investigators wish to order a drink, **Maurice** greets them by name, even if they do not recognize him or have not entered this bar before. If asked how he knows them, he provides a nebulous answer about military service and seeing them off before they left for Vietnam.

Unexpectedly, **Sgt. Breuer** appears, as if out of nowhere, clapping a hand on the shoulder of the nearest investigator. He is wearing a stained olive drab military jacket and jeans. He nods to **Maurice** and begins to escort them to a back-room area separated by a red curtain adorned with a gilded tieback, a bit of a juxtaposition given the grimy veneer of the bar itself. This area was not immediately visible upon arrival at the bar (nor should it be). Investigators who have been to this bar previously will recognize that this hasn't been there in the past; reality has adjusted to accommodate the needs of those in it. Behind the curtain, a set of concrete steps lead to a metal door that opens readily.

The back room of the Angel's Share stands in stark opposition to the rest of the establishment, with a polished black and white linoleum floor, a clean odor replacing the stench of burned cigarettes and weed, and remarkably clean brick walls. Three round tables decorate the room, with leather chairs surrounding each. **Sgt. Breuer** walks to one and without hesitation, sits, pulls out a pack of cigarettes, and with a practiced precision, billows smoke upwards from a newly-lit cigarette. If they hesitate, he lazily waves a hand to the open seats.

Once everyone is seated or otherwise situated, **Sgt. Breuer** launches into his conspiratorial monologue, punctuated by deep drags on his cigarette, muttering to find the right word, and stuttering. He explains that since he has returned from the war, he has been plagued by hallucinations and delirium (the same haunting the investigators; whether or not they wish to share that is up to them), and they have been getting worse. He launches into accusations that the military is behind the entire situation, citing a "spec op" in Vietnam that exposed them to an experimental drug. His ranting gradually becomes more and more unhinged, resulting in a near-Alex Jones level conspiracy if left to continue ranting.

A **Psychology** roll finds that he truly believes this is the case, though the obsession has taken a toll on his well-being.

He will answer any questions asked truthfully, as far as he can tell, and can offer the following information:

- His dreams have been punctuated with memories of Vietnam, ranging from his basic training to patrols around the jungles. This surface level is meant to parallel the flashbacks that many soldiers experienced after returning from Vietnam.
- He vividly remembers a special operation, in which the platoon was tasked with the recovery of a crate that was lost from a helicopter, only to find the packaged opened and emitting a strange pink mist. No enemy combatants were seen nearby. None of the investigators recall this operation, though he insists they were there. As the investigation proceeds, the investigators will remember more of this mission. If the investigators press the issue, a **Hard INT** roll remembers a special operation, but no specific details.
- When he went to the Veterans Affairs hospital, his records were heavily redacted with a black marker. He was given a prescription (small red and blue pills) which has since helped the visions. He produces the vial but the label is scratched off.
- He has been seeing strange things around the city lately (owing to both his mental status and New York City in the 1970s as a whole). They have ranged from unnatural faces in the windows, a feeling of being watched, and echoing strange voices.
- His wife has left him due to his deteriorating mental state, after a violent outburst that ended with him punching a hole in the wall. He has never mentioned having a partner before. A **Spot Hidden** roll sees there is a small indentation on his left hand where a wedding band would be.

At some point during the conversation, **Sgt. Breuer** reaches into his jacket and produces a faded black and white photograph of the 5<sup>th</sup> Battalion, taken in Vietnam. Clearly visible are all of the investigators, smiling broadly. Members of the platoon from the prologue are present, though **Lt. Col. Webber's** face is obscured by the smoke of his cigar; it also looks like the photo was dampened while developing or exposed to rain while at the corner.



**Sgt. Breuer** will slam the photo down on the table, point to a soldier near one of the investigators and ask a simple question: "Who is he?" The investigators do not remember this man nor do they recognize him. He is an apparent stranger to them. An **INT** roll helps to jog the memory of all the investigators, with the highest Success (or lowest Failure; at least one person should be selected, though more are possible) experiencing a flood of memories. They come back, fractured at first, as if pushed into their minds like a flashbulb: a handshake at boot camp, a shared cigarette in a Huey, calling out for support in a hail of gunfire in the jungle. These memories initially feel alien and unfamiliar, but slowly become more concrete from being unlocked to settling into the subconscious of those who "remember" (0/1D2 SAN). **Sgt. Breuer** will look into the eyes of any investigator that experiences this and simply say "Yeah... You too, huh?" The player is free to describe the individual and their relationship with them; the Keeper may provide prodding questions such as "Why did you two bond during the war?" **Sgt. Breuer** then excuses himself abruptly from the table, looking over his shoulder as if being watched, and disappears up the stairs.

Back on the ground floor, **Maurice** remains behind the bar, with a glimpse of **Sgt. Breuer** fleeing out the door. But the bar itself is unfamiliar. The patrons that filled the rotting leather seats have disappeared; the seats are now polished leather stools. The floors, previously under a thin layer of sawdust, are now impeccably clean. The brick walls are absent the graffiti that previously adorned them. The bar is no longer what the investigators remember from when they entered, instead now looking more in line with a bar that would have a curtained back room (0/1 SAN). If asked, **Maurice** insists that "it's always looked like this", and will ask "you feelin' alright?" Outside on the sidewalk, **Sgt. Breuer** waits for the investigators to exit, and will press into their hands a napkin with a phone number, promising to be in touch. His paranoia may manifest in things like looking over his shoulder, looking down, or otherwise looking jittery. He will insist that his friends look into what happened in the jungle, specifically their service records or any information they can find, before sprinting off into the rainy evening, disappearing down an alley. The next portion of this scenario begins as the investigators make their way back to their respective homes.

## LIKE TEARS IN RAIN

If anyone voluntarily elects to go to the funeral, they make their way to the Long Island National Cemetery in Suffolk County, the site of internment for New York City veterans since the 1950s. Arrival at the cemetery can be accomplished by either a taxi or the Long Island Railroad (there is a station very close to the cemetery). If multiple investigators elect to attend, they may meet up either on the train, at the cemetery gates, or at the funeral itself, should the Keeper wish. What the investigators wear, either military dress or civilian clothing, is up to them but should be decided.

As Manhattan slowly disappears in the distance, the chosen method of transport conveys the investigators to the cemetery, and a light rain begins to fall. The ominous clouds above tease a heavy downpour, though it never seems to materialize. The drizzle patters gently on the windows, a quiet drum beat to a somber affair. The funeral itself is held with full military honors, including Taps being played, a 21-gun salute (which prompts a **SAN roll** (see box: "Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder"; 0/1D2 SAN), and an American flag draped on his casket that is folded with exquisite precision and presented to **Lt. Col. Webber's** widow. The color guard and pallbearers stand like statues among the graves, the rain running off the slicked jackets and black umbrellas, forming small pools on the ground. At the conclusion of the ceremony, an unnamed priest sprinkles holy water on the casket and mumbles a prayer about "ashes to ashes, dust to dust", before stumbling off into the rain to a waiting car nearby. Slowly, the rest of the mourners begin to file out to their vehicles, leaving behind the casket and a portrait of **Lt. Col. Webber** streaked with the rain by the opened grave. In the distance, a figure stands near a shadow (**Sgt. Breuer** has attended, though he is keeping his distance for the time being).

For anyone left at the gravesite, **Sgt. Breuer** will cautiously approach, greeting investigators with a brisk handshake. Though he seems externally happy that they attended, he does not look well, worse than one would expect. While serving, he always had a professionalism about him, ensuring discipline and reminding his platoon to always remember their training. His face now is painted with a pallor of insomnia, the dark circles under his eyes like valleys creasing his face.





His face, normally impeccably clean-shaven, has overgrown and unkempt stubble. There is an odor of alcohol on his breath and a brown paper bag peeking out of his jacket pocket. He seems fidgety and continually looks over his shoulder, following the cars that gradually leave the cemetery. Any reference to the “meeting” requested in his note is silenced rapidly with an insistence that “they’re listening”, without any further elaboration at this time. He will insist that the investigators meet at the bar, saying that more will be discussed there, hoping that others also come.

### CONTACT! OVER THERE!

Following their departure from the Angel’s Share Bar and the strange meeting with **Sgt. Breuer**, the investigators are left to return home through whichever route they prefer, which leads into a flashback, a fragmented memory from the tangles of Vietnam.

Taking the subway home is a banal task to any seasoned New Yorker, though the station itself is rarely ordinary to a discerning eye. The graffiti of street prophets decorates the walls, screaming obscenities into the eyes of passersby. An unhoused individual lays sleeping on a bench, the *New York Times* his physical solace for the evening, crinkling as his sleep drives his thoughts to discomfort.

The eerie silence is pierced by the subway cars clacking loudly on the track, the air brakes hissing as the transport comes to a grinding halt. Once stopped, it welcomes the new passengers with a belch of smoke and the malodorous stench of burning oil and rot. A mechanical voice warns the commuters to “Stand clear of the closing doors” before slowly sealing the car with the painted steel barriers. The train begins to depart for its next stop, with the signals in-between stations slowly blurring together into a single line of light, punctuated by darkness before relenting again. Slowly, the lights begin to move, independently, with a forceful

determination that creates a hypnotic effect. A **POW** roll determines what happens next.

### POST-TRAUMATIC STRESS DISORDER (PTSD):

Post-traumatic stress disorder is a behavioral disorder that can develop from a traumatic event, such as warfare, violence, or threats to one’s life or well-being. The ways this can manifest vary from person to person, with some being affected by specific “triggers”, such as sounds or smells. Though it is often characterized as an immediate loss of agency or collapse, this is an egregious oversimplification, as it may manifest in multiple ways from the same trigger for different people.

For example, the sounds of a helicopter may trigger three unique responses from an individual: searching for cover via a flight response, seeking to face the threat head-on via a fight response, or simply not acting. PTSD varies from person to person, trigger to trigger. Though it is often referred to as “only for soldiers”, any individual can experience PTSD. In this scenario, the symptoms of the investigators mimic the lasting effects of PTSD, though their experiences are more supernatural.



A taxi is a more personal option and will ensure a more direct route home. Hailing one is simple enough; a smoke-filled, c hippe y el low t axi s creeches t o a halt as a beacon against the dark road. The dimly-lit interior emanates a yellowed smoke of tobacco, slowly wafting from a lit cigarette between the teeth of the disgruntled cabbie. His words are few and far between, asking only for a location and if the passenger can afford the fare after a cursory evaluation, since “people round this part of town ain’t got the money to pay, so I gotta be careful.” His medallion and partition are aged, yellowed, and partially cracked. Inside the cab, the lights of the city cast ominous shadows. The driver avoids conversation, navigating the streets of the city in near silence. The citizenry of the city slowly come to life, walking the sidewalks to unknown destinations. In metal trash cans, burning fires illuminate blurred faces that society has cast out.

The light of the fires begins to blend with the light buildings slowly extinguishing, the screech of tires providing a soundtrack of a return to a place of safety. The lights blurring together slowly entrances the passengers of the cab as they unconsciously drift off to sleep. A POW roll triggers a flashback. On a success, investigators can proceed home unharmed. A Spot Hidden roll finds a strange malodorous mold on the doorframe of their apartment. Should the investigator touch the mold, they are sent into the same flashback as those who failed their roll, possibly seeing through the mi-go’s illusions. Future encounters of this substance only trigger flashbacks at the Keeper’s discretion.

**Mi-Go Mold:** As the mi-go begin to toy with the investigators, their actions leave behind a small trace of a blackish fungus, reminiscent of a small patch of mold. A successful **Spot Hidden** roll notices it hiding in plain sight: on a door handle, a smear on the floor, a small growth on a door frame, etc. The mold is specifically found in the flashback involving the mi-go container, found on the hatch.

In this flashback, the investigators are reliving warped memories of additional soldiers, presented to them by the mi-go against their will. Though each soldier will enter the flashback differently, this can be played out as a collective scene between all players. The air is thick and humid, with the only sound being the hum of insects and the crunch of brush underfoot. The investigators are on patrol with other members of a platoon wearing American uniforms, though additional insignia do not seem familiar; this is not the 5<sup>th</sup> Battalion of which they were a part.

One of the soldiers bears a striking resemblance to **Sgt. Breuer**, though the tattoo on this man’s arm doesn’t match Breuer’s. In the squad is also the man identified in the photograph at the Angel’s Share Bar. They each carry a standard-issue M16 rifle. The patrol itself is tactically exposed, in the middle of a large open field with no visible cover. Though it is night, a full bright moon casts an unnaturally bright light, exposing their position to ambush. Looking to the sky shows not one moon in the sky, but three chromatic orbs (the moons of Yuggoth) that slowly coalesce into a single bright white orb (1/1D4 SAN).

Under the glowing light, shadowy figures appear a reasonable distance away. Even with the lights of the moon(s), they are indiscernible at this distance and quickly duck down into additional cover. A successful **Spot Hidden** roll notices the outline of a rifle in the hands of one of the figures, while a successful **Listen** roll hears whispered Vietnamese, which sounds like orders to attack. A subsequent **Other Languages (Vietnamese)** roll confirms this: the figures are preparing to ambush the exposed platoon. In the absence of successes here, an NPC member of the platoon will point out the figures, and in aggressive but hushed tones, shout to get down.

With their military training, it is expected that investigators will immediately engage with these shadowy combatants with either a **Firearms (Rifle)** roll or a **Throw** roll for a projectile. If hesitant, an NPC soldier will encourage them to “remember your training” and that “the only people out at night are the VC”. NPCs will not engage in combat unless the other members of the platoon do not. The shadowy figures will not engage, slowly encroaching on the

#### KEEPER’S NOTE:

It is historically unlikely that a Vietnam soldier would refer to these intruders as VC or Viet Cong, utilizing slurs or other offensive terminology. Though commonly accepted that casual terms for the Viet Cong combatants originated from the NATO phonetic alphabet, the use of this terminology is found in the early 20<sup>th</sup> century with Charlie Chan novels, expanding to use during World War II to describe Japanese soldiers. In spite of historical accuracy, the use of such terms is not encouraged or endorsed by the author of this scenario.





position of the platoon. After 1-2 rounds of combat, or if each engaged PC has successfully hit a target, any remaining figures will flee and disappear (a **Track** roll will find no evidence of any individual being there). Examination of any corpses from the attack find a man in Vietnamese clothing, a rifle in hand, matching the appearance of one of the investigators, ideally the one who fired the fatal shot (1D6/1D10 SAN). The investigator feels a pain at the site of the wound but does not lose any Hit Points. This scene should feel like Luke Skywalker in the Dark Side Cave on Dagobah, as the investigator looks upon their own deceased face or that of one of their fellow soldiers (who is unharmed nearby).

After the body has been studied, the lights above become blinding, first as if a flashlight is being shone in everyone's eyes, gradually intensifying until it is untenable to keep looking around. The droning crescendos to a deafening hum underscored by rhythmic melody reminiscent of a helicopter blade. A **POW** roll determines what the investigators see next: a peek into reality or a damaged illusion of memory.

On a successful **POW** roll, the humming gradually fades to near silence; only a low hum remains. Once the investigators open their eyes, they are presented with a sterile room, comprised of shining chrome and strange instruments. Strange shapes move near the machines, ignoring the investigators.

One of the forms sees the investigators awakening and reaches out a clamp-like instrument to press a button. A **Spot Hidden** roll identifies the instrument as not a clamp, but a claw-like appendage, a limb of the figure. Once the button is pressed, the investigators find themselves back in their respective home/apartment in New York with no sign of how they got there, drenched in sweat (1D4/1D6 SAN).

On a failed **POW** roll, the humming continues like the rotor of a helicopter, as the air becomes increasingly humid and thick. Opening their eyes, the investigator is greeted by bright open sky as they lie on their backs, a rough canvas and metal poles beneath them forming a makeshift stretcher. A searing pain rips through their body as a doctor, begins to restrain them with one arm, injecting a long silver needle into the "patient". A burning sensation rips through their body as the fluid is distributed throughout. The din of the hospital fades to black and the investigator wakes up back in their bed, with no recollection of how they arrived there, drenched in sweat. There is no visible marking of a needle in their arm (1D4+1/1D8 SAN).



## ACT II: WHERE THE STREETS HAVE NO NAME

After their flashbacks, hallucinations, and potential views into the truth, this scenario opens to a broad spectrum sandbox of locations. There is no obligation or expectation for the PCs to even meet up again, creating a “split party” though they may ultimately choose to reunite and determine what’s going on. This section represents possible scenes to continue the slow descent into madness before realizing what is really happening in the climax of the scenario.

As the investigators travel between locations, establishments, and other places, they are greeted with the typical life of New York City in the 1970s: a hive of crime, gang violence, and drug use. The bricks walls of buildings are a canvas for the spray-painted screams of artists and criminals alike. At night, burning fires in trash cans are surrounded by downtrodden individuals, seeking the warmth that their infernos can provide. It is recommended to visit at least one to two locations prior to advancing the scenario to the third act denouement. In between locations and travelling through the city, a few ways to convey a deteriorating grasp on reality include but are not limited to:

- Silhouettes in windows appear as faceless individuals, devoid of a mouth, eyes, and nose. These images pass by without incident and disappear as quickly as they appeared
- A Vietnamese man or woman appears among a crowd of people, staring silently before disappearing without a trace. This can be tied to an investigator’s personal backstory, as if they are haunted by someone they killed
- Street signs and directions change, placing investigators at unexpected locations throughout the city. This is a useful way to redirect investigators and cause confusion.
- A searing headache grips the investigator for a few seconds, causing no loss in Hit Points but a severe discomfort that may lead to seeking medical intervention.
- The graffiti on the wall begins to bleed out a message, as if speaking directly to the investigator personally (**Handout #2: Graffiti**). The phrases read: “The war is over?”, “What did you leave?”, and “Trust the light”.

## NO ONE HOME

The investigators may attempt to use a phone, either a landline or payphone, to contact either **Sgt. Breuer** or each other. Upon picking up the receiver and dialing the appropriate number, the ringing melody distorts, echoing through the handset and slowly evolving into the sounds of an army radio, with static and frantic voices bursting through with military chatter, screaming for an airstrike and a resupply drop. The interruption is quickly cut off after a hail of gunfire that gives way to static before the line falls silent (0/1 SAN). Following the resolution of SAN loss, the person being called upon answers (excepting **Sgt. Breuer**), repeatedly saying “Hello? Hello?” They acknowledge any noises made by the investigator, though are unaware of any sounds that the investigator heard.

**What Happened to Breuer?** After initially meeting with the investigators, **Sgt. Breuer** disappears without a trace, as if erased from existence. It is likely the investigators will try to contact him again, either by offering him a place to stay after leaving the Angel’s Share Bar (he is gone by morning), calling him (see: **No One Home** above), or trying to find him, only to uncover an abandoned apartment. As a way to explain his unexpected disappearance, any copy of **Lt. Col. Webber’s** obituary now shows **Sgt. Breuer’s** name, and the note that summoned the investigators is nothing more than a blank sheet of paper (0/1D2 SAN).

## OPERATION [REDACTED]

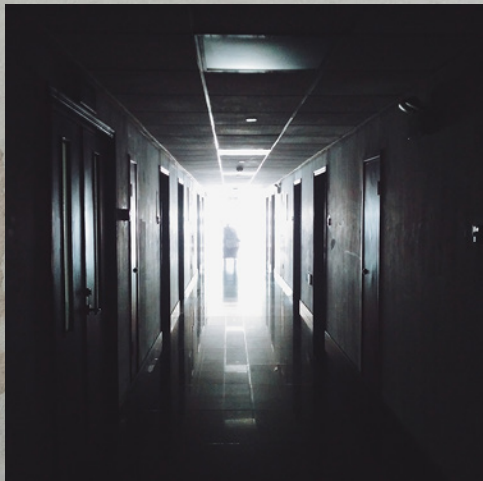
The Veterans Affairs Regional Office is located on Houston Street (pronounced “how-stun”) in the southern end of the Greenwich Village neighborhood. The outside is an unassuming edifice, a faded yellow and brick façade adorned with two American flags on the front, as if horns on a devil atop a grey brick archway. The glass doors at the front swing inward to a stereotypical office of the era. A fake plant sits by a receptionist’s desk, at which a young woman with feathered blonde hair is seated, surrounded by a stack of papers and a telephone. She greets the investigators warmly and inquires as to the purpose of their visit. A **Spot Hidden** roll notices that the papers in front of her bear the insignia for the 5<sup>th</sup> Battalion, though she quickly shuffles them away (and innocently denies the paperwork). If they request their paperwork (relating to their service), a **Social** roll is merited, and she will ask for identification but will stare a bit too long at the card before returning it. On a Failed roll, she will politely excuse herself from the desk and disappear into the hallway, leaving the room unattended.



**KEEPER'S NOTE:**

Though soldiers that have been discharged would receive copies of their military service record, it should be explained away that the files cannot be found for whatever reason and require a trip to the VA Regional Office. Typically, requesting one's military records would take between 11 to 16 weeks at this time and require a formal request to the Military Personnel Records Center in Overland, Missouri. The readiness of the file can be explained by the mi-go not fully understanding the military formality, as well as the willingness of the author to overlook bureaucratic red tape for the sake of the scenario.

On a Successful social roll, she will insist that the records not leave the premises and will direct the investigators to an office behind her. The hallway has a drab gray carpet and unassuming taupe walls that seem to continue near infinitum. As the investigators walk down the hallway, it becomes apparent that it is much larger than should be physically possible in the building as viewed from the outside. The spartan office to which people are guided contains a black metal desk with a walnut top and a few small office chairs and a metal filing cabinet in the corner. She walks over to the filing cabinet and retrieves a small file folder, before handing it to the investigator of note. The folder is stamped with the insignia of the United States Army and has the appearance of a standard Official Military Personnel File. A **Spot Hidden** roll finds that the rest of the filing cabinet is full of blank papers, though it is quickly closed and locked once the file in question is provided.



The folder contains a series of papers, including the personal military occupation code for the investigator, weapons qualifications, and mobilization orders, as well as DD Form 12, an honorable discharge. The long form discharge paperwork showing a "medical discharge", confirming that the individual was released from service for medical reasons.

The mobilization orders are a curious find: the battalion served little more than a brief deployment to Vietnam before all being discharged. There is no indication of involvement in combat or any sort of fighting. It looks as if the entire platoon was deployed for less than a week before being sent home on medical discharge. Subsequent pages contain a significant number of redacted documents that are near unreadable. The woman who brought them to the files has no useful information as to why the files were redacted or what they say. A **Library Use** roll while flipping through the pages notices that the names on the file are changing to the names of other soldiers, including unfamiliar names, reverting to the investigators' names after noticing. Clipped to the back of a file is a heavily redacted document, with the only legible portions referring to **Breuer**, the 5<sup>th</sup> Battalion, and the recovery of an object (**Handout #3: Service Record**).

The paperwork seems to confirm **Sgt. Breuer's** suspicions: that a clandestine operation may be responsible for the hallucinations and bad dreams. Any requests to meet with a supervisor or officer or any questions about the document are squashed with a dismissive wave and any questions about the operation are met with a stern "That's classified." Keeping the redacted document requires a **Hard Sleight of Hand** roll to not be noticed taking it.

A Successful **Social** roll gains some additional information from the following:

- The mission is classified for the safety of those involved with it and to seek more information would violate the chain of command.
- There are no documented chemical agents that can cause hallucinations. If they are so concerned, they can visit the Veterans' Affairs Hospital.
- Their training taught them to respect the chain of command and they should remember that fact.



As the investigator(s) leave the office, the hallway seems significantly longer than when they entered, stretching into oblivion. The eerie silence becomes deafening, as the taupe walls begin to darken, fading to a roughshod earthen tone, as if made of dirt. The overhead lights slowly take a red hue, dimming as if the lights were nothing more than a red-tinted flashlight. They have once again returned to the jungle, this time deep in a Viet Cong tunnel. The memory feels both familiar, as if a memory has been triggered, but also wildly unfamiliar. They are seeing the war through someone else's eyes, though they visually look like themselves.

The tunnel is remarkably narrow, forcing the inhabitants to crouch down. Historically, only one or two soldiers would enter a tunnel at a time (this may be amended if multiple investigators traveled to the records office together). In their hands, a red-lensed flashlight casts light to illuminate the tunnel without providing a bright light, in their other hand, a small bayonet knife. A Listen roll hears footsteps from a small alcove nearby. The recess itself is no larger than 5 feet by 5 feet, with a small silvery box in the center and additional openings leading deeper into the tunnel itself. The box itself is covered in strange markings (mi-go symbols) and begins to hum when approached.

It emits a malodorous vapor, smelling reminiscent of mold and fungus, before erupting into bright light that blinds the soldiers before they are teleported back to the city. Heading away from the alcove is the exit to the tunnel: a small hatch that swings up. A Spot Hidden roll finds a strange mossy substance on the handle. Opening the hatch reveals the humid jungle that fades to the door leading into the Veterans Affairs Regional Office, their watches reading 18:00, long after the office itself has closed (1D2/1D4+1 SAN).

If the investigators successfully took the paperwork, they no longer find a redacted document; instead they possess a handwritten note from **Dr. Morrin**, noting that the quarantine can be ended, as there are no observable changes in the patients (**Handout #4: Quarantine Note**).

### DOCTOR...WHO?

Should the investigators go to the Veterans Affairs hospital, either to refill a medication or seeking new treatment for the hallucinations, they are told to wait in a dingy waiting room, dimly lit by fluorescent bulbs, the checkered tile underfoot showing that it may have once been pretty. The receptionist sits at a wooden desk and greets any visitors warmly, inviting them to take a seat and to wait for their name to be called after checking them in.

Almost immediately after sitting, the investigator's name is called, inviting them back to the examination room, a spartan ward with a single examination table, two metal chairs with faded cloth covers, and a small counter of small doctoral implements (tongue depressors, cotton balls, gloves, etc.) In the corner, a medical skeleton stands in mute witness to observations. Outside of the closed door, the sounds of voices and footsteps can be heard, though no one enters the room for some time, leaving the investigator unsupervised. A Listen roll discerns the conversation outside the room is about the patient, including but not limited to comments that they have come in previously looking for pills, that they came back changed from the war, and other such offhand, rude remarks. If the investigator opens the door, a nurse in a white uniform will gently guide them back into the room, stating, "The doctor will be with you shortly." Those outside the room will deny any sort of untoward comments.





The time in the office passes slowly, each tick of the clock echoing like a gunshot until **Dr. Evan Morrin**, a portly gentleman with bushy eyebrows and a full mustache, breaks the silence, entering with a clipboard. If any investigators failed their **POW** roll following the **Contact! Over There!** flashback, the doctor looks coincidentally like the doctor from the medical tent. He is dismissive toward his patients' concerns and is more interested in his own questions than their complaints.

If presented with the note from the Veteran's Office, **Dr. Morrin** will take it hastily, shoving it into his pocket, and deny any involvement with it. A **Psychology** roll confirms that he has no recollection of writing the note or any prior evaluations, especially in Vietnam. A **Sleight of Hand** roll finds his pocket in which he stuffed the note full of only lint and nothing else (1/1D3 SAN). As if his mind has "reset", **Dr. Morrin** will resume the examination as if nothing had happened prior.

If any of the hallucinations or bad dreams are brought up, **Dr. Morrin** will make a note, incomprehensibly muttering under his breath. Though he will address any questions brought by the investigator with bland canned responses of "I see" and "That's interesting", but without further elaboration. He occasionally asks a small follow-up question, mostly focused on what the investigator has been up to since they have returned home from their war: their adjustment, employments, and relationships. A **Psychology** roll finds that the doctor is not interested in their health, seemingly at all.

Abruptly, he will reach into his pocket and produce two small vials, one containing red oblong pills, the other blue. He instructs the investigator to take "two reds every morning, two blues in the evening" and their symptoms should improve. If the investigator is refilling a prescription, the doctor will provide the same vials of medication with the same instructions. **Dr. Morrin** pushes them to take one now (though he doesn't specify which color). Unbeknownst to the investigators, these pills are designed by the mi-go to tighten their hold on their victims' minds.

Should the investigator take the pill, it has a moldy aftertaste, reminiscent of wet dirt, and is difficult to swallow. The air thickens, becoming more and more humid, reminiscent of the jungle. Sound becomes slightly muted, eventually fading to near silence. **Dr. Morrin**'s face slowly fades to a hazy blur. A **POW** roll is required to control the changing world. This effect only manifests the first time a pill is taken.

- On a success, the room snaps back to normal, sound returns, and **Dr. Morrin** absentmindedly writes on the clipboard before opening the door for the investigator to leave (0/1D3 SAN). He reminds the investigator to take their medications, as they will help control the "hallucinations" (indicated with air quotes, indicating that the doctor doesn't believe in the dangerous nature of the visions).
- On a failure, the investigator finds themselves back in a Huey, alone. There is no one initially seated nearby and the investigator is wearing civilian clothing. A voice echoes from the front of the helicopter, a gruff voice reminiscent of **Lt. Col. Webber**, saying "It must be good to be going home, eh?" The investigator is then returned to **Dr. Morrin**'s office, with him writing on his clipboard and muttering to himself, unaware of anything that just transpired (1D3/1D6 SAN).

Should the investigator refuse to take the pill, the doctor will shrug and tell them to make sure to take them later (the effects for the first pill taken should match those outlined above, with the setting changing accordingly). There is no expectation to take the pills, but the investigator should be reminded they have them on their person if they haven't taken one yet.

Subsequent visits to the office are unremarkable, though a different doctor attends to the investigators. No one has any recollection of **Dr. Morrin**, who previously provided the medications, nor is there any record of the investigator having visited the hospital prior. In these instances, generic medical care is provided, including a recommendation of rest and possibly a CAT scan. It is up to the Keeper's discretion if the procedure is performed (though it would likely be scheduled for a time after the conclusion of the scenario).

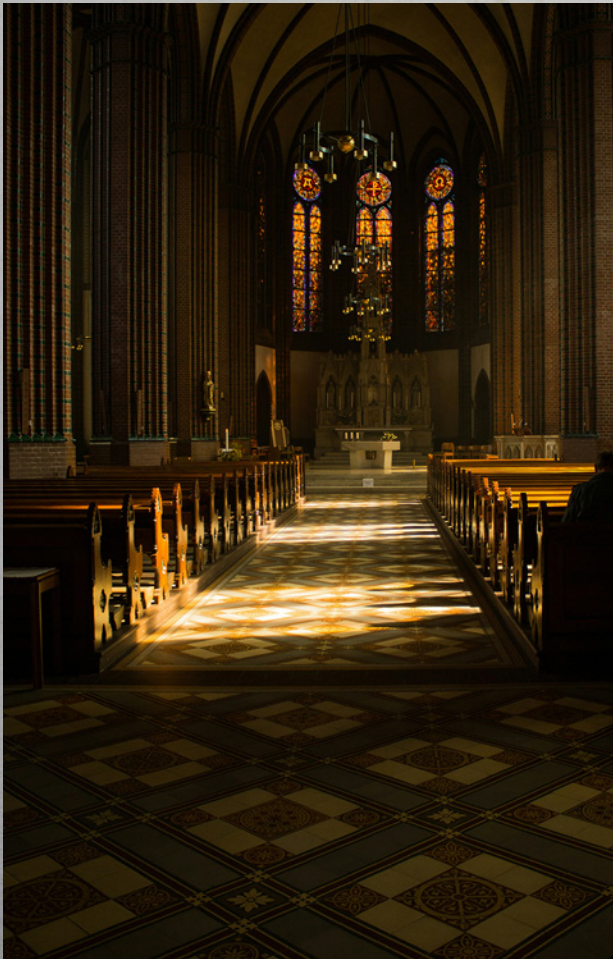
## ANGELS AND DEMONS

Should an investigator find themselves wandering the streets in a daze, unsure of where to go, or if they elect to seek spiritual guidance, the white brick structure of St. Christopher's Church appears in stark contrast to the visual vitriol that covers the streets. Its exact location is inconsequential, and it may appear anywhere in New York for the investigators to stumble upon.



This can be a useful tool to confuddle the players (“Was this church there before? Surely it was...”). The front of the church boasts polished bricks and a white staircase guiding passersby to a large oaken door adorned with black wrought iron handles. A letterboard sign announces the upcoming services and identifies the church as St. Christopher’s Church (the patron saint of travelers).

The doors open inward to a high-ceiling building, replete with bright stained-glass windows and hanging candles casting a dim golden glow throughout the room. A small baptismal font stands by the door, its still waters reflecting the flickering light. The air is thick with the scent and residual fog of incense. A silent figure kneels in mute reverence near the stone altar in the far end of the room. If the investigators enter the church, he stands and turns, his face shrouded in the dim light. As he walks towards his new guests, the light flickers across his face revealing a familiar visage: the chaplain from the 5<sup>th</sup> Battalion in Vietnam, triggering a **POW** roll.



On a Success, **Father Liam O’Sullivan** approaches with a warm smile and an extended hand, nothing more than an older pastor walking the pews of his church. On a Fail, though the room is not well lit, the face is unmistakable, if only for a moment. As he slowly approaches, the chaplain’s voice springs from him ominously, as if pulled like a thread: “If in darkness, one finds the light, we are closest to heaven by way of hell.” As he approaches, the tone bordering on sinister, the baptismal font appears to darken, as if muddied by some unseen sediment, and the air takes on the odor of stale cigarettes. The priest’s face fades in darkness. The room snaps back to what could be considered normal in an instant: the tobacco odor disappears, replaced by a lingering smell of incense, the room brightens as electric lights above blink to life, reflecting off the gilded crucifix behind the altar. The ominous chaplain approaching is nothing more than an old priest, his face creased with age, his hair faded of color years ago and lost, leaving nothing but wisps of gray (1D3/1D6 SAN).

**Fr. O’Sullivan** extends a warm hand to the investigators and a polite blessing, asking what brings them to the church today, the last word being emphasized, as if the investigators had attended this church before. The church is externally of the Roman Catholic tradition and a discussion of spirituality will reflect this, promising a better life for those who believe in Jesus. In stark contrast to his spiritual guidance, **Fr. O’Sullivan** will slowly begin to needle out information from the investigator, specifically their opinions on the war and what they intend to do now that they are no longer a participant (he asks this even if the investigator has not made known their military service, citing “You have that look about you.”). He appears to be opposed to all forms of war, though he is curious. A **Psychology** roll finds that his curiosity borders on morbid and bloodthirsty, deeply interested in hearing of something that he outwardly detests.

After leaving the building, any attempts to find it again are stymied: the building is no longer there, nor is there any trace of a church having been there.

### I READ IT IN THE PAPERS...

The passing of **Lt. Col. Webber**, though brought to the attention of the investigators by a note from **Sgt. Breuer**, would be reported in the newspapers, should the investigators want more details on his passing.



Should the investigators find themselves lacking a recent newspaper, an **Idea** roll directs them to the New York Public Library, located on 5th Avenue. The marbled exterior is set with a wide set of stairs, leading up to the front entrance with large columns and statues staring down at anyone who approaches. Patrons enter and exit sporadically, some carrying books, others simply passing through. For a moment, the statues seem to watch those who approach, their stone faces staring deep into the soul of the investigators. Inside the door, footsteps quietly echo off tiled floors as towering cathedral ceilings create archways above, as if perches to be used for observation. A **Library Use** roll rapidly navigates to the periodical section and locates the necessary documents. Otherwise, finding the prior newspaper takes an hour, due to the sheer size of the building.

The obituary section of the newspaper, though expected to have a mention of **Lt. Col. Webber**, instead presents a write up of the death of **Sgt. Breuer**, a Vietnam veteran who recently passed. The details of his death are left to the Keeper or may be omitted in their entirety, though recommendations include attacked by local ruffians (see: **You Talkin' To Me?**) or by his own hand. Upon reading this, memories of the funeral (see: **Like Tears in Rain**) begin flooding back to the investigator, the face obscured by rain being that of Sgt. Breuer, not **Lt. Col. Webber**. The mysterious figure that was spotted watching over the funeral, originally identified as **Sgt. Breuer**, is now remembered as a nondescript individual who was simply watching from a distance. The note informing the investigators of **Lt. Col. Webber's** death is nothing more than a blank, crumpled sheet of paper. These contradicting memories have an unfamiliar feel to them, while still feeling like the truth (1/1D4 SAN).

## A MIND IS A TERRIBLE THING TO WASTE

Veterans who served for 180 continuous days were eligible to receive benefits under the GI Bill, specifically funding toward higher education. Though it is not specified if the pre-generated investigators were college educated or otherwise, they may either seek the comforts of a classroom in their day-to-day life or may be working as an educator upon their return home (owing to the rapid expansion of universities and merging campuses, it is not impossible that an educated individual would be able to find employment, especially if they were college-educated before their deployment).

Similarly, investigators may be involved in a Sunday school or similar child-education program instead of the collegiate classroom. These places may be a place where the horrors of war may finally be escaped, or so the investigators may think.

In the room, a familiar face is seated: that of a young man killed in the war, either a fellow American soldier, a known combatant, or an innocent individual caught in the crossfire. The identity is up to the Keeper and is suggested to be someone established in the **Prologue** as significant to the investigator. The person stands there, silently watching, not being acknowledged by any other students before gliding toward the door and exiting. There is no sign of them if followed (1/1D4 SAN).

The investigator, either as the instructor writing or as a student, may approach the board only to find it malleable, soft. Chalk doesn't write on the surface; instead it passes through, like a stone entering still water, creating a ripple throughout. Removing their hand from this membrane finds it covered in brackish water and mud, akin to the waters of the Mekong River Delta in Vietnam (1/1D6 SAN). Alternatively, passing through this membrane is a way to advance the investigator to the denouement of this scenario, as if passing through a literal veil.

Any investigators who encountered the strange mold after the meeting at the Angel's Share or anyone who received a strange prescription from the Veterans' Affairs hospital may be curious to have them analyzed by an academic laboratory. To wit, there are a variety of universities in the New York City area that would be able to do so. Upon entering the building, an academic sporting a lab coat, **Prof. Jakob Bennett**, will greet the investigator at the door, asking if they are lost or in need of help. The interior of the academic building is dotted with brass plaques of donors, successful graduates, and commemorations on red bricked walls. Regardless of the discipline they are seeking, he will claim to be the head of the department and is willing to help with an appropriate **Social** roll; he is not immediately suspicious of the investigators, but will not hesitate to throw them out on failed rolls. The laboratory to which he leads investigators is covered in large metal boxes dotted with dials and screens lining the walls of the room, a jet-black table in the center rife with loose papers, research notebooks, and small benchtop instruments. **Prof. Bennett** immediately begins working on the sample, ignoring questions from the investigators.



He explains that the sample is “strange, maybe even not of this world!” before attempting to usher out the investigators. A successful **Science** roll finds that his actions are more performative in nature rather than in-depth scientific analyses; a **Psychology** roll finds that he is not interested in the sample and is merely acting to get rid of the investigators. If pressed for more information, he will state that he needs more time to analyze and they should come back the next day.

If anyone returns to the laboratory later, the door opens to a stockroom full of labeled chemical bottles, yellow metal cabinets marked “Flammable” in bright red letters, and dark wooden shelves of beakers, Erlenmeyer flasks, and pipettes (1D4/1D6 SAN). If they provided any physical samples to **Prof. Bennett**, they are gone, as is any sign of the professor. This may also serve as a route to trigger the finale of this scenario.

## HOW ABOUT A COLD ONE WITH THE BOYS?

Returning to the Angel's Share Bar presents a curious result: the dusty establishment sports a starkly unfamiliar interior. The front door is still covered in graffiti and the sign unchanged, but the interior has taken on a new life, with the now wooden walls covered in graffiti and stickers, a portrait encapsulating a cacophony of color and frustration at the world. The formerly dark brown counter that pinched patrons near the door joins the chorus of chaos, with **Maurice** standing with his back to the door, his previously well-kept hair now a pincushion of liberty spikes, but the scar on his hand is unmistakably the same. Where once the hushed conversation of the downtrodden was punctuated by the odors of tobacco and marijuana now stands a choir of thrumming electric guitar, screamed vocals, and the pungent fragrance of sweat in a throng of outcasts among a found family. A band of leather-clad men play from where the entrance to the back room previously was, the red curtain is ostensibly gone and a small crowd has gathered to enjoy the fellowship and let off steam. To put it simply, the veteran-oriented dive bar has transformed seemingly overnight to a punk bar, reminiscent of CBGB (0/1D2 SAN).



If approached, **Maurice** greets the investigators by name. He offers them a drink, poured in a dirty glass and, after a brief once over, asks if they need anything “else”. He is intentionally vague and will not elaborate on this offer; should the investigators accept, he will produce a small baggie containing a brownish powder, indicating it will help them “feel good” and “let go”. The investigators would immediately recognize this as heroin and they may have dabbled in its while deployed; in Vietnam, heroin was typically smoked or snorted, not injected by needle. **Maurice** will insist on payment up front, should anyone wish to purchase his wares. Use of the provided narcotics provides a sense of calm for 1d4+1 hours, as they slowly slip into unconsciousness.

Any investigator who partakes wakes up in a different location (similar to a summary Bout of Madness). It should be noted from a historical perspective, that although heroin use was prevalent in Vietnam, the number of veterans who returned addicted was shockingly low (Reference: “How Permanent Was Vietnam Drug Addiction?” Robins, L.N. *et al. Am. J. Public Health*, 1974, 64, 38 – 43).

In the bar, a **Spot Hidden** roll notices a familiar photograph among the potpourri of angst: the picture from **Sgt. Breuer**. It's easy enough for someone to make their way through the crowd and grab the photo. Curiously, the photo seems familiar yet unusual. It depicts the same smiling faces of the platoon as before, **Lt. Col. Webber's** visage still obscured as if in rain, though the individual that **Sgt. Breuer** pointed out before is ostensibly missing. There is no sign of trickery or manipulation in the photo (as if someone was excised) or damage that might remove someone. He's simply not there (o/1D2 SAN). Should the investigators not return here, this photo may be inserted in other locations, such as sticking out of a bookcase or on the street to elicit the same confusion.



## ACT III: THE BUILDINGS MELT LIKE WAX

If asked about the picture, **Maurice** doesn't seem to remember where it came from and waves it away as "some army punks. Probably dead. For the best." He does not recognize that the investigators are the ones in the pictures, even if it is directly pointed out to him. Should anyone ask too many questions or press that its them in the picture, **Maurice** will unceremoniously eject them from the bar, accusing them of being cops unless there is appropriate intervention with an appropriate **Hard Social** roll.

### YOU TALKIN' TO ME?

New York in the 1970s was not a necessarily "safe" place, with crime and violence prevalent in the streets. It is not unlikely that the investigators may encounter a wandering hooligan who will demand their wallet while brandishing a weapon, or encounter a group of miscreants who are shaking down a legitimate business owner. Commonly used weapons include switchblades, pipes, heavy chains, and brass knuckles. Given their combat training, it is likely that investigators may engage physically with these ruffians, who will flee if things appear to be turning against their favor (after 1-2 rounds of combat).

Should an investigator engage in combat, their haunting experiences rear up, their mind blurring this melee and the combat they recall from the war. The visage of the person with whom they are fighting flashes to that of a Viet Cong soldier, face smeared with grease paint, and the sounds of the city abruptly give way to the stifling sounds of the jungle before changing back and returning to normal (0/1D3 SAN).

Resolution of such conflicts without physical engagements requires a **Hard Social** roll; the gang members are not keen to give up easily. Curiously, as they speak, their words shift from a heavy New York accent to Vietnamese seamlessly, though no one else seems to notice this change. An **Other Languages (Vietnamese)** roll translates that the individual is continuing the same conversation as before, though the language has changed (0/1D2 SAN).

Following a sufficient degradation of sanity or reality, or to maintain a working timeframe for the scenario, the conclusion of this scenario can be kicked off in a variety of ways, as outlined in the previous section or as represented here as well.

The world around the investigators begins to fade away. The bright moon in the sky gives way to three chromatic orbs, swirling above. Buildings melt like wax, pooling on the streets, mixing with the puddles of what is assumed to be water. Reaching for a doorknob finds it absent, only to feel a strange liquid sensation in its stead. Fading away, the skyline's colors blend into a violet hue, refining into a view through a circular window. Among the glowing spheres, a twinkle of stars dots the sky.

The room the investigators find themselves in is shiny and chrome, the room they may have found themselves in in the flashback **Contact! Over There!**. They are alone in the room, the only sound the clicking of instruments and the hum of insectoid wings. The investigators are restrained with metal restraints that cannot be broken readily (feel free to let the players try; an **Extreme STR** roll should be able to leverage a shackle). The surroundings should feel alien and perverse (mainly because it is). Tubes and needles are injected into the involuntary astronauts, including one that feels as though it is stabbed into the back of their head. This is the reality in which the investigators have existed for years: they are test subjects of the mi-go. Though a loss of SAN would be appropriate here, it is at the Keeper's discretion, as many investigators may be approaching Indefinite Insanity or likely to trigger a bout of madness with appropriate SAN loss (1D4/1D8). In lieu of a traditional Bout of Madness, the investigator falling unconscious for a few minutes is recommended to maintain momentum in the game.



After taking in their surroundings, the investigators hear a familiar voice: **Lt. Col. Webber**, quoting Meister Eckhart to them: “For the person who has learned to let go and let be, nothing can ever get in the way again.” His voice sounds as if coming from right next to the group, though his face and physical form are nowhere to be seen. Instead, the voice emanates from a metal cylinder in a corner, with a glass panel through which a green liquid submerges a pinkish mass and wires hang loosely around; **Lt. Col. Webber** has become a brain-in-a-jar following experimentation from the mi-go. Though he is unaware of this fact, he will happily address any questions the investigators have with factual information:

- Alien scientists kidnapped the 5<sup>th</sup> Battalion in Vietnam back in June 1973, shortly after their arrival in southeast Asia. They have been living in a suspended animation since then.
- The aliens would like to ease the burdens of their “test subjects” by freeing them from their physical forms (making them brains in jars, though he does not realize this is the case for him).
- **Lt. Col. Webber** rejects that he is a brain in a jar, instead believing that he is tied up just like the investigators.
- If this is too much, the aliens are happy to return them home (See the **Conclusions** section for investigators who choose this route).



After an appropriate amount of time, the mi-go scientists return, their fungoid crustacean bodies in full view of the investigators. Though this should prompt a SAN roll, at this point in the scenario, any loss of Sanity would likely have no effect or simply drive the investigators into Bouts of Madness that may prove difficult to resolve at this stage. Should the Keeper wish to inflict a SAN roll, the penalty is 0/1D6 SAN to see the mi-go. One of the pinkish creatures faces the nearest investigator, placing a clawed hand on their cheek. A voice telepathically transmits to each of the investigators individually, “Would you be freed of your burdens now that the war is over?” Further attempted conversation with the curious entity should harken back to prior conversations in the scenario, such as discussion with **Fr. O’Sullivan**, **Maurice**, etc.

The offer is genuine: the mi-go are willing to release the “burdens” of the investigators, though their methodology is suspect. They intend to remove the brains of the investigators and transport them to Yuggoth and beyond as a brain in a jar, similar to what they have done to **Lt. Col. Webber**, though the mi-go will not admit this is the intended outcome. The choice is up to each investigator: release their burdens or return home.

## CONCLUSIONS

### ACCEPTING THE MI-GO’S OFFER:

Those who voluntarily submit to the procedure are peacefully anaesthetized through rhythmic humming. The furry fungal hands, if they can even be called hands, brush gently over the faces of the investigators with surgical precision. When the investigators regain consciousness, they see the same perspective they saw just a minute ago, the polished metal providing no reflection of the horrors they currently embody. They feel no restriction in looking around at their surroundings, as if their head has been unstrapped. They are unable to stand or move their limbs; they lack the faculties to do this. The purple skies outside of Yuggoth have become their new home, as the mi-go fill their cylinder with fresh nourishment, keeping their brain alive...



## REFUSING THE MI-GO'S OFFER

Though resistance is futile, the mi-go are not completely unwilling to work with those who reject their offer. A yellowish syringe is pushed into the investigator's arm as a soothing voice coos that they will be returned home. The investigator wakes up in their bed, a chilling breeze coming through a window. Outside the window, snow has fallen and coats the city with a bright sheen of twinkling white. Everything seems... normal. There are piles of clothes littering the floor, unwashed dishes in the sink. Outside the window, the din of urban sprawl floats through the air: the sound of a subway train passing by, the honking of a car horn, muffled voices chattering below. Everything seems normal, though the recent copy of the *New York Times* on the kitchen table displays the headline "SHUTTLE RELEASES HUBBLE TELESCOPE", with a listed date of December 11, 1993. Staring at the image, it flickers, as if static on an old television, revealing the chrome walls of the mi-go shuttle...

## FIGHTING THE MI-GO

Fighting the mi-go is unwise, especially as the investigators are restrained. An investigator is able to break free with a successful **Extreme STR** roll. If it looks like a subject is attempting to escape, the mi-go scientist will grab an **Electric Gun** (*Keeper's Handbook*, p. 270) to incapacitate them; they don't need their lab rats running free. The mi-go may also use their hypnotic powers to prevent violence. If the mi-go subdue the insolent test subject, they are returned to their "reality", believing the previous experience to be nothing more than a dream (see the section above, **Refusing the Mi-Go's Offer**). If by some chance, an investigator is able to subdue the mi-go scientists and guards, they find themselves trapped on an alien ship, flying through the depths of space with no idea how to get home or even where home is, only for more mi-go to flutter through the door, ready to terminate the failed experiment by any means necessary.

# CHARACTERS AND MONSTERS

## NPC STAT BLOCKS AND SKILLS

### NON-PLAYABLE CHARACTERS

#### Lieutenant Colonel Corey Webber, *age 55, military officer*

STR 70 CON 50 SIZ 70 DEX 65 INT 60  
APP 60 POW 40 EDU 60 SAN 40 HP 9  
DB: 1D4 Build: 1 Move: 8 MP: 8 Luck: N/A

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl 50% (25/10), damage 1D3+DB  
Dodge 30% (15/6)  
M-16 rifle 50% (25/10), damage 2D6+4

Armor: None

Skills: Fast Talk 30%, First Aid 35%, Intimidate 50%, Spot Hidden 30%

#### Sergeant Joel Breuer *age 33, troubled platoon leader*

STR 55 CON 30 SIZ 60 DEX 30 INT 50  
APP 35 POW 40 EDU 50 SAN 40 HP 7  
DB: 0 Build: 0 Move: 7 MP: 7 Luck: N/A

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl 55% (27/11), damage 1D3  
Dodge 30% (15/6)  
.32 Revolver 40% (20/8), damage 1D8

Armor: 1 (Heavy leather jacket)

Skills: First Aid 35%, Intimidate 30%, Mechanical Repair 40%, Stealth 45%

#### Maurice "Moe" Kozlowski *age 66, bartender*

STR 35 CON 40 SIZ 45 DEX 75 INT 60  
APP 30 POW 50 EDU 50 SAN 50 HP 8  
DB: -1 Build: -1 Move: 7 MP: 10 Luck: N/A

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl 30% (15/6), damage 1d3+1d4  
Dodge 25% (12/5)

Armor: None

Skills: Charm 40%, History 35%, Listen 40%, Psychology 45%



**Dr. Evan Morrin****age 54, military physician**

STR 45 CON 50 SIZ 60 DEX 45 INT 80  
 APP 65 POW 55 EDU 65 SAN 55 HP 11  
 DB: 0 Build: 0 Move: 7 MP: 11 Luck: N/A

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl 35% (17/7), damage 1d3

Dodge 30% (15/6)

Armor: None

Skills: First Aid 60%, Medicine 40%, Psychology 40%

**Father Liam O'Sullivan****age 73, priest**

STR 45 CON 50 SIZ 60 DEX 45 INT 80  
 APP 65 POW 55 EDU 65 SAN 55 HP 11  
 DB: 0 Build: 0 Move: 7 MP: 11 Luck: N/A

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl 25% (13/5), damage 1d3

Dodge 30% (15/6)

Armor: None

Skills: Charm 40%, History 60%, Library Use 40%,  
 Occult 20%, Psychology 50%

**Professor Jakob Bennett****age 44, scientist and researcher**

STR 45 CON 50 SIZ 40 DEX 55 INT 90  
 APP 50 POW 55 EDU 85 SAN 55 HP 11  
 DB: 0 Build: 0 Move: 8 MP: 11 Luck: N/A

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl 25% (13/5), damage 1d3

Dodge 30% (15/6)

Armor: None

Skills: Natural World 30%, Science (Biology) 40%,  
 Science (Chemistry) 30%

Skills: Intimidate 55%, Locksmith 30%, Sleight of  
 Hand 40%, Stealth 45%

**Mi-Go Scientist****age unknown, alien scientist**

STR 50 CON 50 SIZ 40 DEX 70 INT 65  
 APP 10 POW 65 EDU 80 SAN N/A HP 10  
 DB: 0 Build: 0 Move: 7/13 MP: 30  
 Luck: N/A

Attacks per round: 2

Brawl 45% (22/9), damage 1D6+DB

Dodge 35% (17/7)

Seize (mnvr): can carry away beings of equal Build or  
 smaller (pincers, grab, fly)

Armor: Resonating carapace causes all  
 piercing weapons (including bullets) to do minimum  
 damage Sanity loss: 0/1D6 SAN to see a mi-go

Electric Gun: A warty, doorknob sized lump of black  
 metal that emits 1D10 damage to a target. Target is  
 immobilized for an equal number of round and must  
 succeed on a **CON** roll or fall unconscious for 1D6  
 rounds.

Hypnosis: A mi-go can emit ultra-high and ultra-low  
 frequencies that can put humans into a trance state.  
 Targets must succeed on an opposed **POW** roll or  
 become incapable of action.

Void Light: A mi-go can create a sink form which light  
 cannot escape, at the cost of 1 Magic Point per each  
 cubic yard of darkness.

## CREATURES AND MONSTERS

**Gang Member****Age 25, thug and ruffian**

STR 60 CON 40 SIZ 60 DEX 45 INT 60  
 APP 40 POW 35 EDU 50 SAN 35 HP 10  
 DB: +1D4 Build: +1 Move: 7 MP: 7 Luck: N/A

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl 55% (25/10), damage 1D3+1D4

Switchblade 55% (25/10), damage 1D4+1D4

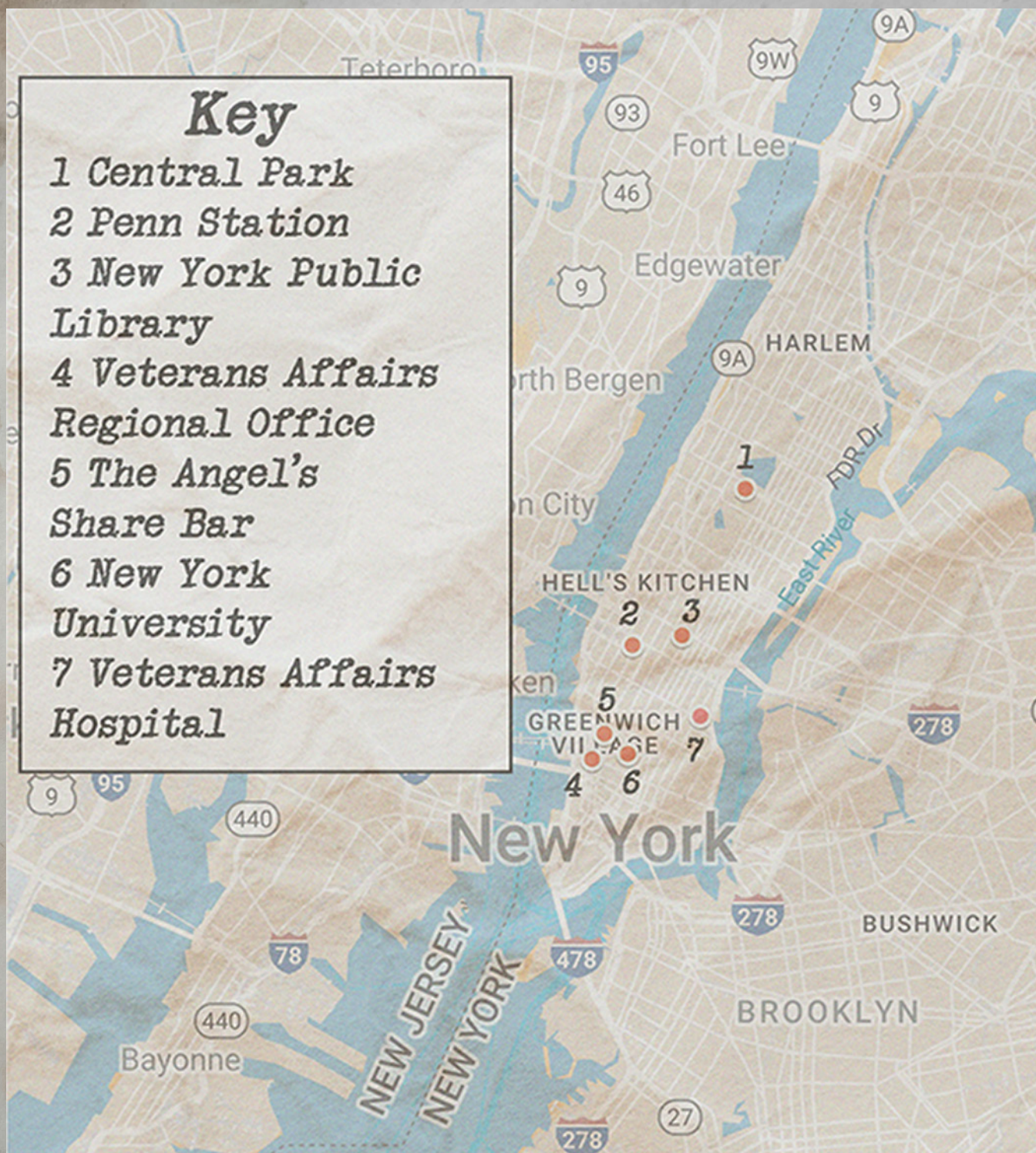
Pipe 55% (25/10), damage 1D6+1D4

Brass knuckles 55% (25/10), damage 1D3+1+1D4

Dodge 35% (17/7)

Armor: None





Reference map of Manhattan (New York City) with key locations highlighted



Webber is dead. Funeral next week on  
Long Island. Might go. They're watching me.  
Probably watching you too. Be careful.

We need to talk. No phones.

Angel's Share Bar. You know the place.

Thursday, 20:00. Meet me there. JB

Handout #1: The note from Sgt. Breuer





Handout #2: Messages appear in graffiti throughout the city



ON:

7 OCTOBER 1975

## Memorandum for The Director

SUBJECT: Operation [REDACTED] and Sgt. Joel Breuer

1. Near [REDACTED] 5th Battalion were involved in Operation [REDACTED]. The mission itself involved rooting out Viet Cong in the area, with a secondary objective to recover [REDACTED] identified in the area. Contents were unknown. Upon recovery, [REDACTED] leaking an unknown gas. 5th Battalion was exposed to unknown agent. Medical examination found no issue. [REDACTED] was found in pack of Sgt. Joe Breuer. Similar samples found in other members of battalion.
2. I'm not sure [REDACTED] but I fear that it may be some kind of chemical weapon. Recommended immediate quarantine. No physical change was observed and members were released. Identity of agent is still unknown. Recommended continued observation of 5th Battalion after discharge.  
Whatever we have done, may God have mercy on our souls.



PATIENTS SHOW NO CHANGE IN CONDITION FOLLOWING QUARANTINE.

I SEE NO NEED FOR THEM TO REMAIN, THEY CAN BE RELEASED AS LONG AS THEY HAVE CONTINUOUS MONITORING. THEIR BEHAVIOR IS STRANGE, BUT I SEE NO CAUSE FOR ALARM. LET THEM OUT, KEEP AN EYE ON THEM AT LEAST. AND BE SURE NOT TO TELL THEM ANYTHING, IF THEY FIND OUT... THINGS WOULDN'T BE GOOD.

CALL ME IF SOMETHING CHANGES.

EVAN MORRIN, MD



## GALLERY OF NON-PLAYABLE CHARACTERS



Lt. Col. Corey Webber

Maurice "Moe" Kozlowski  
(first appearance)

Sgt. Joel Breuer

Maurice "Moe" Kozlowski  
(second appearance)





Dr. Evan Morrin



Professor Jakob Bennett



Father Liam O'Sullivan



# INVESTIGATOR SERVICE RECORD

NAME "Dutch" BIRTHPLACE New York, NY PRONOUN \_\_\_\_\_  
 OCCUPATION Veteran RESIDENCE New York, NY AGE 31



ASSESSMENT	Reg	Half	Fifth	Reg	Half	Fifth	Maximum	Current	
	STR	70	35	14	SIZ	70	35	14	Hit Points
CON	70	35	14	POW	50	25	10	Magic Points	10
DEX	55	27	11	APP	70	35	14	Luck	
INT	45	22	9	EDU	30	15	6	Sanity	50

**CALL OF CTHULHU**  
**1975**

Max Sanity ☐ Temporary Insanity ☐ Indefinite Insanity ☐ Major Wound ☐ Unconscious ☐ Dying ☐

TRAINING	Reg	Half	Fifth	Reg	Half	Fifth	Reg	Half	Fifth		
	<input type="checkbox"/> Accounting (05%)	5	2	1	<input type="checkbox"/> Firearms (Handgun) (20%)	40	20	8	<input type="checkbox"/> Occult (05%)	5	2
<input type="checkbox"/> Anthropology (01%)	1	0	0	<input type="checkbox"/> Firearms (Rifle/Shotgun) (25%)	65	32	13	<input type="checkbox"/> Persuade (10%)	10	5	2
<input type="checkbox"/> Appraise (05%)	5	2	1	<input type="checkbox"/> Firearms (Pistol) (10%)				<input type="checkbox"/> Pilot (01%)			
<input type="checkbox"/> Archaeology (01%)	1	0	0	<input type="checkbox"/> First Aid (30%)	55	27	11	<input type="checkbox"/> Psychoanalysis (01%)	1	0	0
<input type="checkbox"/> Art / Craft (05%)	5	2	1	<input type="checkbox"/> History (05%)	5	2	1	<input type="checkbox"/> Psychology (10%)	10	5	2
<input type="checkbox"/> Charm (15%)	15	7	3	<input type="checkbox"/> Intimidate (15%)	25	12	5	<input type="checkbox"/> Ride (05%)	5	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> Climb (20%)	20	10	4	<input type="checkbox"/> Jump (20%)	20	10	4	<input type="checkbox"/> Science (01%)			
<input type="checkbox"/> Computer Use (05%)	5	2	1	<input type="checkbox"/> Language (Other) (01%)				<input type="checkbox"/> Sleight of Hand (10%)	30	15	6
Credit Rating (00%)	30	15	6	<input type="checkbox"/> English (EDU) (Language Own)	30	15	6	<input type="checkbox"/> Spot Hidden (25%)	40	20	8
Cthulhu Mythos (00%)	0			<input type="checkbox"/> Law (05%)	5	2	1	<input type="checkbox"/> Stealth (20%)	50	25	10
<input type="checkbox"/> Disguise (05%)	5	2	1	<input type="checkbox"/> Library Use (20%)	20	10	4	<input type="checkbox"/> Jungle Survival (10%)	35	17	7
<input type="checkbox"/> Dodge (half DEX)	33	16	6	<input type="checkbox"/> Listen (20%)	20	10	4	<input type="checkbox"/> Swim (20%)	25	12	5
<input type="checkbox"/> Drive Auto (20%)	20	10	4	<input type="checkbox"/> Locksmith (01%)	1	0	0	<input type="checkbox"/> Throw (20%)	25	12	5
<input type="checkbox"/> Elec. Repair (10%)	10	5	2	<input type="checkbox"/> Mech. Repair (10%)	25	12	5	<input type="checkbox"/> Track (10%)	30	15	6
<input type="checkbox"/> Electronics (01%)	1	0	0	<input type="checkbox"/> Medicine (01%)	1	0	0	<input type="checkbox"/> _____			
<input type="checkbox"/> Fast Talk (05%)	5	2	1	<input type="checkbox"/> Natural World (10%)	10	5	2	<input type="checkbox"/> _____			
<input type="checkbox"/> Fighting (Brawl) (25%)	55	27	11	<input type="checkbox"/> Navigate (10%)	10	5	2	<input type="checkbox"/> _____			
<input type="checkbox"/> Fighting											

COMBAT	Weapon	Skill	Damage	# of Attacks	Range	Ammo	Mal.	Move
		Brawl	55 27 11	1D3 + DB	1	-	-	-
	.45 Revolver	40 20 8	1D10+2	1(3)	15 yds	6	100	Build 1
								Dodge 33 16 6
								Damage Bonus +1D4



## MY STORY

When the war came, you knew what you had to do: if Uncle Sam wanted you to fight this war, you were going to do your part to stop those commies! Your experience changed you. Was what you were doing right? What about the people you hurt? Not just enemy combatants... they were people. You're haunted by the

memories of the war and things you did there, you shudder to remember them. A Vietnamese woman you met in Khe Sahn woman gave the nickname "Dutch" from a cigar you were smoking. She was always kind to you.

## BACKSTORY

### Personal Description

The All-American kid: tall, handsome, prize-winning grin, but with haunted eyes.

### Ideology & Beliefs

I don't take orders anymore.

### Significant People

Your younger sister.

### Meaningful Locations

Your apartment. It helps you avoid being around people.

### Treasured Possessions

A religious medal given to you by "Padre". You may not be religious, but it helps.

### Traits

Formerly aggressively patriotic, but now more reserved. Prone to violent outbursts at mild inconveniences.

### Injuries & Scars

### Phobias & Manias

Atychiphobia (fear of failure)

### Arcane Tomes & Spells

### Encounters with Strange Entities

Shadows have been creeping into your peripheral vision lately. No one seems to know how to help.

## EQUIPMENT

.45 handgun  
Flask of liquor  
Dog tags

## FINANCES

Spending Level  
Cash  
Assets

## WAR BUDDIES

Char. \_\_\_\_\_  
Player \_\_\_\_\_

Char. \_\_\_\_\_  
Player \_\_\_\_\_

Char. \_\_\_\_\_  
Player \_\_\_\_\_



Char. \_\_\_\_\_  
Player \_\_\_\_\_

Char. \_\_\_\_\_  
Player \_\_\_\_\_

Char. \_\_\_\_\_  
Player \_\_\_\_\_

## QUICK REFERENCE RULES

### SKILL & CHARACTERISTIC ROLLS

Level of Success:	Fumble 100/96+	Fail > skill	Regular ≤ skill	Hard ½ skill	Extreme ¼ skill	Critical 01
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Pushing Rolls: must justify reroll;  
cannot push combat or Sanity rolls

### WOUNDS & HEALING

First Aid heals 1 HP    Medicine heals 1D3 HP

Major Wounds = loss of  $\geq \frac{1}{2}$  max HP in one attack Reach  
0 HP without Major Wound = Unconscious Reach 0 HP  
with Major Wound = Dying

Dying: First Aid = temp. stabilized; then require Medicine  
Natural Heal rate (non Major Wound): recover 1 HP per day  
Natural Heal rate (Major Wound): weekly healing roll



# CALL OF CTNULHU

## 1975

Max Sanity ☐ Temporary Insanity ☐ Indefinite Insanity ☐ Major Wound ☐ Unconscious ☐ Dying ☐

[illegible]



## MY STORY

When your number came up, you thought about running. Canada seemed like a good option, until you got on the train. You couldn't shake that you were cheating out of some kind of duty or responsibility. So you went. During the war, you made it a point to bury the deceased, giving them a modicum

of respect. Some mutilated them, even though that wasn't allowed. Your care earned you the nickname "Flowers". Everyone deserves respect, even enemy combatants.

## BACKSTORY

### Personal Description

Tall, shortly cropped hair from the military.

### Traits

Heavy smoker. Always tries to see the good in others, but it's getting harder.

### Ideology & Beliefs

I used to think evil could be stopped. But it's everywhere. And we cheer it on.

### Injuries & Scars

### Significant People

Your mother.

### Phobias & Manias

Lygophobia (fear of the dark)

### Meaningful Locations

Central Park. Walking there helps you clear your head.

### Arcane Tomes & Spells

### Treasured Possessions

Your dog tags. They remind you that you didn't run from responsibility.

### Encounters with Strange Entities

Lately, you've begun to see hallucinations. People that aren't there. Strange lights. It's like you never left the war at all.

## EQUIPMENT

Pack of cigarettes

Lighter

Your dog tags

Trinket taken from

fallen Vietnamese

soldier

## FINANCES

Spending Level

Cash

Assets

## WAR BUDDIES

Char.

Player

Char.

Player

Char.

Player



Char.

Player

Char.

Player

Char.

Player

## QUICK REFERENCE RULES

### SKILL & CHARACTERISTIC ROLLS

Level of Success:	Fumble 100/96+	Fail > skill	Regular ≤ skill	Hard ½ skill	Extreme ¼ skill	Critical 01
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Natural Heal rate (Major Wound): weekly healing roll



# INVESTIGATOR SERVICE RECORD

NAME "Grandma's Blessing" ("GB") BIRTHPLACE New York, NY PRONOUN  
 OCCUPATION Veteran RESIDENCE New York, NY AGE 27



ASSESSMENT	STR	CON	DEX	INT	Reg	Half	Fifth	SIZ	POW	APP	EDU	Reg	Half	Fifth	Hit Points	Maximum	Current	Magic Points	Maximum	Current	Luck	Maximum	Current	Sanity	Maximum	Current	Insane
	70	70	55	55	14	35	14	70	50	70	40	14	35	14	14			10						50			10
	35	35	27	27																							
	14	14	11	11																							

CALL OF CTHULHU  
1975

Max Sanity ☐ Temporary Insanity ☐ Indefinite Insanity ☐ Major Wound ☐ Unconscious ☐ Dying ☐

TRAINING	Accounting (05%)	Reg	Half	Fifth	Firearms (Handgun) (20%)	Reg	Half	Fifth	Occult (05%)	Reg	Half	Fifth
	1	0	0	1	2	1	8	1	5	2	1	
	Anthropology (01%)	1	0	0	Firearms (Rifle/Shotgun) (25%)	65	32	13	Persuade (10%)	10	5	2
	Appraise (05%)	5	2	1	Firearms				(01%)			
	Archaeology (01%)	1	0	0	First Aid (30%)	55	27	11	Pilot	1	0	0
Art / Craft (05%)	5	2	1	History (05%)	5	2	1	Psychology (10%)	10	5	2	
Charm (15%)	15	7	3	Intimidate (15%)	35	17	7	Ride (05%)	5	2	1	
Climb (20%)	20	10	4	Jump (20%)	20	10	4	Science (01%)				
Computer Use (05%)	5	2	1	Language (Other) (01%)								
Credit Rating (00%)	19	9	3									
Cthulhu Mythos (00%)	0			English (EDU)	60	30	12	Sleight of Hand (10%)	30	15	6	
Disguise (05%)	5	2	1	Law (05%)	5	2	1	Spot Hidden (25%)	40	20	8	
Dodge (half DEX)	33	16	6	Library Use (20%)	20	10	4	Stealth (20%)	50	25	10	
Drive Auto (20%)	20	10	4	Listen (20%)	20	10	4	Jungle Survival (10%)	40	20	8	
Elec. Repair (10%)	10	5	2	Locksmith (01%)	1	0	0	Swim (20%)	25	12	5	
Electronics (01%)	1	0	0	Mech. Repair (10%)	25	12	5	Throw (20%)	25	12	5	
Fast Talk (05%)	5	2	1	Medicine (01%)	1	0	0	Track (10%)	30	15	6	
Fighting (Brawl) (25%)	55	27	11	Natural World (10%)	10	5	2					
Fighting				Navigate (10%)	10	5	2					

COMBAT	Weapon	Skill	Damage	# of Attacks	Range	Ammo	Mal.	Move
	Brawl	55 27 11	1D3 + DB	1	-	-	-	8
	Brass knuckles	55 27 11	1D3+1+DB	1	-	-	-	Build 1
								Dodge 33 16 6
								Damage Bonus +1D4



## MY STORY

Family pressured you to be like Uncle Robert and join the Navy, but you wanted to go to college and be an engineer. Grandma Ruby wasn't having any of that "war talk", she just wanted you to make the family proud. The SNCC talked about people of color being used as cannon fodder as the draft came.

Grandma Ruby saw you off with prayers for your safety and to be a good boy, hence the nickname "Grandma's Blessing" ("GB" for short). The war made you face hard decisions about who you were, especially when you had to take a life.

## BACKSTORY

### Personal Description

Handsome, muscular, and with a disarming smile.

### Ideology & Beliefs

Trust in your community and never shame Grandma.

### Significant People

Grandma Ruby and Uncle Robert (Chief in the Navy)

### Meaningful Locations

The rooftop of Grandma's building, where she has a small makeshift garden

### Treasured Possessions

Uncle Robert's cigarette case  
The Bible Grandma gave you as you left

### Traits

Family and community are the most important things.

### Injuries & Scars

### Phobias & Manias

Racism

### Arcane Tomes & Spells

### Encounters with Strange Entities

Visions of the war appear in your daily life, like demons following you home.

## EQUIPMENT

Lighter  
Brass knuckles  
Small bible  
Cigarette case  
Religious medal

## FINANCES

Spending Level  
Cash  
Assets

## WAR BUDDIES

Char. \_\_\_\_\_  
Player \_\_\_\_\_

Char. \_\_\_\_\_  
Player \_\_\_\_\_

Char. \_\_\_\_\_  
Player \_\_\_\_\_



Char. \_\_\_\_\_  
Player \_\_\_\_\_

Char. \_\_\_\_\_  
Player \_\_\_\_\_

Char. \_\_\_\_\_  
Player \_\_\_\_\_

## QUICK REFERENCE RULES

### SKILL & CHARACTERISTIC ROLLS

Level of Success:	Fumble 100/96+	Fail > skill	Regular ≤ skill	Hard ½ skill	Extreme ¼ skill	Critical 01
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0 HP without Major Wound = Unconscious Reach 0 HP

with Major Wound = Dying

Dying: First Aid = temp. stabilized; then require Medicine

Natural Heal rate (non Major Wound): recover 1 HP per day

Natural Heal rate (Major Wound): weekly healing roll



# CALL OF CTNULHU

## 1975

Max Sanity ☐ Temporary Insanity ☐ Indefinite Insanity ☐ Major Wound ☐ Unconscious ☐ Dying ☐

TRAINING

	Reg	Half	Fifth		Reg	Half	Fifth		Reg	Half	Fifth
<input type="checkbox"/> Accounting (05%)	30	15	6	<input type="checkbox"/> Firearms (Handgun) (20%)	35	17	7	<input type="checkbox"/> Occult (05%)	15	7	3
<input type="checkbox"/> Anthropology (01%)	1	0	0	<input type="checkbox"/> Firearms (Rifle/Shotgun) (25%)	50	25	10	<input type="checkbox"/> Persuade (10%)	10	5	2
<input type="checkbox"/> Appraise (05%)	5	2	1	<input type="checkbox"/> _____ <i>Firearms</i>				<input type="checkbox"/> _____ (01%)			
<input type="checkbox"/> Archaeology (01%)	1	0	0	<input type="checkbox"/> First Aid (30%)	30	15	6	<input type="checkbox"/> Pilot			
<input type="checkbox"/> _____ (05%) <i>Art / Craft</i>	5	2	1	<input type="checkbox"/> History (05%)	40	20	8	<input type="checkbox"/> Psychoanalysis (01%)	20	10	4
<input type="checkbox"/> _____				<input type="checkbox"/> Intimidate (15%)	15	7	3	<input type="checkbox"/> Psychology (10%)	55	27	11
<input type="checkbox"/> Charm (15%)	40	20	8	<input type="checkbox"/> Jump (20%)	20	10	4	<input type="checkbox"/> Ride (05%)	5	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> Climb (20%)	20	10	4	<input type="checkbox"/> <u>Vietnamese</u> (01%) <i>Language (Other)</i>	31	15	6	<input type="checkbox"/> _____ (01%)			
<input type="checkbox"/> Computer Use (05%)	5	2	1	<input type="checkbox"/> _____				<input type="checkbox"/> <i>Science</i>			
<input type="checkbox"/> Credit Rating (00%)	40	20	8	<input type="checkbox"/> _____				<input type="checkbox"/> _____			
<input type="checkbox"/> Cthulhu Mythos (00%)	0			<input type="checkbox"/> <u>English</u> (EDU) <i>Language (Own)</i>	70	35	14	<input type="checkbox"/> Sleight of Hand (10%)	30	15	6
<input type="checkbox"/> Disguise (05%)	5	2	1	<input type="checkbox"/> Law (05%)	5	2	1	<input type="checkbox"/> Spot Hidden (25%)	45	22	9
<input type="checkbox"/> Dodge (half DEX)	34	17	6	<input type="checkbox"/> Library Use (20%)	45	22	9	<input type="checkbox"/> Stealth (20%)	35	17	7
<input type="checkbox"/> Drive Auto (20%)	20	10	4	<input type="checkbox"/> Listen (20%)	55	27	11	<input type="checkbox"/> <u>Jungle</u> (10%) <i>Survival</i>	30	15	6
<input type="checkbox"/> Elec. Repair (10%)	10	5	2	<input type="checkbox"/> Locksmith (01%)	1	0	0	<input type="checkbox"/> Swim (20%)	20	10	4
<input type="checkbox"/> Electronics (01%)	1	0	0	<input type="checkbox"/> Mech. Repair (10%)	10	5	2	<input type="checkbox"/> Throw (20%)	20	10	4
<input type="checkbox"/> Fast Talk (05%)	5	2	1	<input type="checkbox"/> Medicine (01%)	1	0	0	<input type="checkbox"/> Track (10%)	25	12	5
<input type="checkbox"/> Fighting (Brawl) (25%)	40	20	8	<input type="checkbox"/> Natural World (10%)	10	5	2	<input type="checkbox"/> _____			
<input type="checkbox"/> _____ <i>Fighting</i>				<input type="checkbox"/> Navigate (10%)	10	5	2	<input type="checkbox"/> _____			

[illegible]



## MY STORY

When your number came up you weren't sure what it meant to you. Could you take another man's life? You tried praying, but got no answer. During an artillery barrage, you felt a strange, protecting presence. Was it God? You weren't sure. But it got you praying. You only fired upon enemy combatants when fired

upon. You prayed with the squad, earning the nickname "Padre". The chaplains became your company, even if they didn't have all the answers.

## BACKSTORY

### Personal Description

Average build with thick glasses, creating a wide-eyed look.

### Ideology & Beliefs

God will guide all things.

### Significant People

The squadron chaplain, who guided your spiritual journey.

### Meaningful Locations

St. Patrick's Cathedral. You sometimes go there to pray.

### Treasured Possessions

The dog tags of a fellow soldier, may he rest in peace.

### Traits

Pious and reverent, and rarely raises a voice in anger.

### Injuries & Scars

### Phobias & Manias

### Arcane Tomes & Spells

### Encounters with Strange Entities

The face of a man you killed in the war has been following you. But you had to kill him, it was war. Right?

## EQUIPMENT

Dog tags

Small crucifix

Small Bible

## FINANCES

Spending Level

Cash

Assets

## WAR BUDDIES

Char.

Player

Char.

Player

Char.

Player



Char.

Player

Char.

Player

Char.

Player

## QUICK REFERENCE RULES

### SKILL & CHARACTERISTIC ROLLS

Level of Success:	Fumble 100/96+	Fail > skill	Regular ≤ skill	Hard ½ skill	Extreme ¼ skill	Critical 01
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Natural Heal rate (Major Wound): weekly healing roll



# CALL OF CTNULHU

## 1975

STR			SIZ			Hit Points		
Reg	Half	Fifth	Reg	Half	Fifth	Maximum	Current	
55	27	11	45	22	9	10		
CON			POW			Magic Points		
Reg	Half	Fifth	Reg	Half	Fifth	Maximum	Current	
60	30	12	70	35	14	14		
DEX			APP			Luck		
Reg	Half	Fifth	Reg	Half	Fifth	Maximum	Current	
35	17	7	65	32	13			
INT			EDU			Sanity		
Reg	Half	Fifth	Reg	Half	Fifth	Maximum	Current	Insane
55	27	11	50	25	10	70		14

Max Sanity ☐ Temporary Insanity ☐ Indefinite Insanity ☐ Major Wound ☐ Unconscious ☐ Dying ☐

TRAINING

	Reg	Half	Fifth		Reg	Half	Fifth		Reg	Half	Fifth
<input type="checkbox"/> Accounting (05%)	5	2	1	<input type="checkbox"/> Firearms (Handgun) (20%)	40	20	8	<input type="checkbox"/> Occult (05%)	5	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> Anthropology (01%)	1	0	0	<input type="checkbox"/> Firearms (Rifle/Shotgun) (25%)	50	25	10	<input type="checkbox"/> Persuade (10%)	10	5	2
<input type="checkbox"/> Appraise (05%)	5	2	1	<input type="checkbox"/> _____ <i>Firearms</i>				<input type="checkbox"/> _____ (01%)			
<input type="checkbox"/> Archaeology (01%)	1	0	0	<input type="checkbox"/> First Aid (30%)	40	20	8	<input type="checkbox"/> Pilot Psychoanalysis (01%)	1	0	0
<input type="checkbox"/> _____ (05%) <i>Art / Craft</i>	5	2	1	<input type="checkbox"/> History (05%)	5	2	1	<input type="checkbox"/> Psychology (10%)	10	5	2
<input type="checkbox"/> _____				<input type="checkbox"/> Intimidate (15%)	15	7	3	<input type="checkbox"/> Ride (05%)	5	2	1
<input type="checkbox"/> Charm (15%)	15	7	3	<input type="checkbox"/> Jump (20%)	20	10	4	<input type="checkbox"/> _____ (01%) <i>Science</i>			
<input type="checkbox"/> Climb (20%)	20	10	4	<input type="checkbox"/> Vietnamese (01%) <i>Language (Other)</i>	10	5	2	<input type="checkbox"/> _____			
<input type="checkbox"/> Computer Use (05%)	5	2	1	<input type="checkbox"/> _____				<input type="checkbox"/> _____			
Credit Rating (00%)	29	14	5	<input type="checkbox"/> _____				<input type="checkbox"/> Sleight of Hand (10%)	35	17	7
Cthulhu Mythos (00%)	0			<input type="checkbox"/> English (EDU) <i>Language (Own)</i>	50	25	10	<input type="checkbox"/> Spot Hidden (25%)	35	17	7
<input type="checkbox"/> Disguise (05%)	20	10	4	<input type="checkbox"/> Law (05%)	5	2	1	<input type="checkbox"/> Stealth (20%)	30	15	6
<input type="checkbox"/> Dodge (half DEX)	32	16	6	<input type="checkbox"/> Library Use (20%)	20	10	4	<input type="checkbox"/> Jungle Survival (10%)	35	17	7
<input type="checkbox"/> Drive Auto (20%)	20	10	4	<input type="checkbox"/> Listen (20%)	40	20	8	<input type="checkbox"/> Swim (20%)	45	22	9
<input type="checkbox"/> Elec. Repair (10%)	10	5	2	<input type="checkbox"/> Locksmith (01%)	1	0	0	<input type="checkbox"/> Throw (20%)	45	22	9
<input type="checkbox"/> Electronics (01%)	1	0	0	<input type="checkbox"/> Mech. Repair (10%)	20	10	4	<input type="checkbox"/> Track (10%)	30	15	6
<input type="checkbox"/> Fast Talk (05%)	40	20	8	<input type="checkbox"/> Medicine (01%)	1	0	0	<input type="checkbox"/> _____			
<input type="checkbox"/> Fighting (Brawl) (25%)	46	23	9	<input type="checkbox"/> Natural World (10%)	20	10	4	<input type="checkbox"/> _____			
<input type="checkbox"/> _____ <i>Fighting</i>				<input type="checkbox"/> Navigate (10%)	20	10	4	<input type="checkbox"/> _____			

COMBAT	Weapon	Skill			Damage	# of Attacks	Range	Ammo	Malif.	Move	8
	Brawl	46	23	9	1D3 + DB	1	-	-	-	Build	0
	.45 revolver	40	20	8	1D10+2	1 (3)	15 yds	6	100	Dodge	
										Damage Bonus	
										0	



## MY STORY

You signed up for the war, despite being 17. It's not like they were going to look into it, right? They needed soldiers, you wanted to serve. None of your fellow soldiers ratted you out, they just called you "The Kid". You were gung ho about going to war and becoming a hero like your dad. But war was

terrifying. Your squadmates protected you as best they could until it got someone killed. They never said it, but it felt like your fault. Your dad was so proud when you came back with a Purple Heart for his "war hero". Some hero you were.

## BACKSTORY

### Personal Description

Bright eyes, clean cut hair, youthful face.

### Traits

Always feels guilty, even for minor mistakes.

### Ideology & Beliefs

Do your best and try to help others.

### Injuries & Scars

Scar on right cheek from a landmine explosion.

### Significant People

Your father.

### Phobias & Manias

Sciophobia (fear of shadows)

### Meaningful Locations

McSorley's Old Ale House on the Lower East Side

### Arcane Tomes & Spells

### Treasured Possessions

A gold money clip from your father

### Encounters with Strange Entities

Shadows have been haunting you, following you. No one is there to protect you this time.

## EQUIPMENT

Dog tags  
.45 handgun  
Small notepad

## FINANCES

Spending Level  
Cash  
Assets

## WAR BUDDIES

Char. \_\_\_\_\_  
Player \_\_\_\_\_

Char. \_\_\_\_\_  
Player \_\_\_\_\_

Char. \_\_\_\_\_  
Player \_\_\_\_\_



Char. \_\_\_\_\_  
Player \_\_\_\_\_

Char. \_\_\_\_\_  
Player \_\_\_\_\_

Char. \_\_\_\_\_  
Player \_\_\_\_\_

## QUICK REFERENCE RULES

### SKILL & CHARACTERISTIC ROLLS

Level of Success:	Fumble 100/96+	Fail > skill	Regular ≤ skill	Hard ½ skill	Extreme ¼ skill	Critical 01
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Natural Heal rate (Major Wound): weekly healing roll